

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 184.—Vol. VIII.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



THE LAST OF SUMMER.

DRAWN BY MISS MARY HALLOCK.

THE COTTON-MOUTH.

THE cotton-mouth is a snake of Louisiana, whose bite is mortal. The negroes are acquainted with herbs which cure wounds inflicted by other venomous reptiles. This snake is an exception. They say: "Cotton-mouth bite you—take your blanket, and cover up."

Mr. Hermoneux, a French creole, and a cotton-planter of large estate, was sitting, one Sunday morning, on the upper porch of his house—an extensive wooden structure, the main building tall, the wings on either side low and surrounded by verandas. From the lofty position which he occupied, Mr. Hermoneux, half reclining in his chair of bamboo, was looking out upon his far-reaching cotton-fields, over which he thought he could discern moving figures in the distance.

He was straining his eyes to make out these figures, when rapid steps came along the passage behind him, and a stalwart young man of about twenty-three, with dark hair, ruddy complexion, and a frank look in his eyes, hastened to his side.

"Give me joy, *mon père!*" exclaimed the youth; "Elise has named the day."

Mr. Hermoneux turned, with a pleased smile upon his aged face.

"And you are sure that this time the affair is arranged, Paul?" he said.

"Oh, perfectly sure!"

"What day is fixed?"

"The 10th of next month, but fifteen days from this time."

"Very well, Paul; I wish you joy. Elise is a good girl, and your match is perfectly in conformity, as you know, with my views. Now, look toward the river yonder. What figures are those?"

The youth shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked in the direction indicated. All at once, his face flushed.

"It is the Allmayns hunting—again, after being notified not to trespass."

The old man looked much annoyed.

"These people are a pest to the neighborhood!" he said. "They contrive to invade my property, and even select this holy day for their hunting. Listen! There they are, whooping and hallooing. They are, however, near their own line—possibly not upon my land."

"I will go see, father."

"But do not engage in any altercation."

"I will not. I will ascertain, however, if any of our people are following the dogs. That, you know, is against your express orders."

"Yes—well, my son, go see, and order any of them you may find to return instantly. Also, beg Mr. Allmayn, in my name, not to hunt upon my property."

The young man bowed, hastened downstairs, and was soon mounted upon his favorite saddle-horse, and galloping in the direction of the huntmen.

He was absent for nearly an hour. When he returned, and came up to the portico where his father still sat, Paul was heated, and looked angry.

"What is the matter, my son?" his father said.

"Well, sir," Paul replied, "I found that young rowdy—it is his right designation—Jake Allmayn, half drunk, trampling down the cotton, and followed by negroes and hounds, all yelping, howling, and half mad. Luckily for him, he was on his own ground, and swore he had not been upon ours, although I saw the marks of his passage."

"Well?"

"I warned him to keep on his own land, and I think my tone of voice enraged him; but he has felt my hand once before, and only grumbled something which he carefully kept me from hearing."

"Yes!"

"The negroes following him were his own, except one—that rascal Bug, who was leading the crowd."

Mr. Hermoneux frowned.

"I have warned Bug that, if he ran with the hounds on Sunday again, I would punish him. He shall be punished. I did not ride back until he was far on his way home."

"Very well. I am glad these disreputable people have left me in peace again. I see they have gone. And now tell me about Elise."

"What about Elise, papa?" said a caressing voice behind them.

A very beautiful young girl stood beside the old man's chair, and smiled sweetly, with a little blush in her cheeks, upon the two persons. Bright eyes, red lips, a quantity of light ringlets, and a figure supple, slender, and graceful—such is an inventory of the personal charms of Mademoiselle Elise Beauvrière, distant relative, orphan, and adopted child of the good Pierre Hermoneux. The girl had lived with the family from her childhood, had duly enslaved the young heir Paul, and engaged herself to him, but had only been induced to fix the day for their marriage at the moment when our sketch opens.

Mr. Hermoneux replied to her smiling question, "What about Elise, papa?" by coming at once to the point, and assuring the girl that her determination to marry Paul at once pleased him as much as it pleased his son.

"I am an old man, my child," he said, drawing her hand to him, and enclosing the little jewelled fingers between his two palms. "When I am gone, I wish Paul to reign here as a good planter in my stead; and he will be all the more disposed to settle down quietly if he is married, and has a happy home, as he must have with you, my child."

The speaker stopped, and looked intently at some object below.

"There is that wretch Bug stealing back, and looking sidewise at us!" he said.

II.

THE wretch Bug was an unadulterated African, low in stature, scowling in face, and evidently muscular, though very thin. He was clad in coarse-cotton garments, with a colored handkerchief tied around his head, and had the long, swaying stride of the wild-cat as he moved.

He stole to his cabin, at some distance from the mansion-house, and, as he went in,

kicked brutally aside a small, cunning-looking negro-girl, who sat crouched upon the door-sill. He then demanded, in gruff tones, of a woman whom he addressed as Dinah—apparently his wife—why something to eat was not ready for him. The woman alleged, as an excuse, that she had not expected him; whereupon Bug, without further parley, seized a stick, and began to beat the woman, who could not suppress cries of pain as the savage continued to strike her.

Bug was still beating the woman when he felt a powerful hand clutch his collar; in spite of his great strength he was hurled back; and then a torrent of blows from a cane in the hands of Paul descended upon him. The young man had been attracted by the cries, and had come in time to punish the assailant.

"You black scoundrel!" he cried, continuing to strike Bug furiously, "you brutal wretch—!"

And the blows continued. For an instant a murderous flash shone from the eyes of the other—bloodshot and lowering. As the man made no resistance whatever, Paul then stopped, investigated the cause of quarrel, ascertained that the woman had given him no offence, and turned, with a threatening frown, to Bug.

"You are the sole trouble on this place," he said; "a brutal, quarrelsome, disobedient wretch, whom nothing can control. You shall be punished for your disobedience to-day and your cruel treatment of Dinah. If you beat her again, I will myself break every bone in your body!"

With these words Paul went out of the cabin and returned to the house.

When he had disappeared, Bug sat down in one corner, and, resting his elbows on his knees, looked intently at Dinah. It would be impossible to imagine any thing more malignant than the expression of his face. His lips protruded; his bushy brows were drawn down over his bloodshot eyes; and, crouching, with his chin resting on his huge hands, he resembled a sort of black nightmare, full of hate and menace. He continued to look at the woman, who cowered before him, and busied herself preparing his food. Then, suddenly, his head turned, and he looked toward the mansion-house, catching a last glimpse of Paul as he disappeared. An expression of hatred, far more bitter than the first, appeared in his eyes, and he muttered unintelligible words.

On the same evening one of the house-servants visited the cabin, and communicated to her friend Dinah the exciting intelligence that Mas' Paul was going to marry Miss 'Lise right away—she, the news-carrier, having accidentally overheard what they said to each other in the parlor. "They was to be married in ten days."

When he heard this, Bug, who had eaten the food prepared for him, and returned to crouch in his corner, gave a sort of start. He had, for more than an hour, been brooding over something and revolving some mysterious proceeding. He now ceased thinking, and plainly listened to the gossiping servant, who proceeded to expatiate on the splendid ball that was to be given soon in honor of the

occasion. Bug lost not a word, and, when the visitor departed, got up and went out of the cabin.

As he did so and disappeared, the elf-like girl whom he had kicked aside when he entered rose from the corner where she had been concealed, and muttered under her breath:

"You kick me—I 'spect I git even with you—you bad, big rascal!"

Bug had gone on rapidly, and, passing through the great cotton-fields, over a winding path, reached a tangled jungle skirting a small bayou, just as night came on. The spot was wild and lugubrious. The ground sank under him as he placed his huge feet upon the treacherous surface; and venomous reptiles fled at his approach, running with incredible swiftness, and disappearing among the roots of the great trees, from which hung heavy festoons of vines—some sweet-scented, some poisonous—dipping into the sluggish and dark-tinted water beneath.

Bug had reached an open space about ten yards from the edge of the bayou, when he stopped and carefully culled a peculiar-looking plant which grew under a half-rotted stump. This plant was that called by the negroes the "careless weed;" and they believe that its possessor, if he wears it about him, is safe against dogs, who will not approach. Bug exhibited no especial satisfaction at the acquisition of this prize, which was not difficult to find, and for which he seemed to have no immediate use. But his face suddenly beamed with satisfaction, and he stood stock-still, gazing with eyes full of avidity upon a spectacle revealed by the half-light of sunset filtering through the jungle and the dim rays of the rising moon.

The spectacle was that of two cotton-mouths fighting. The reptiles of the tropics seem inflamed by their own venom, and incessant combats take place between them. Of this the negroes take advantage. They watch these desperate encounters, take care not to interfere, wait until one of the snakes is wounded by the other and gives up the contest, and then they watch the wounded reptile, and take notice what herb he proceeds to eat. This herb is the antidote for the poison of the snake with which he has been fighting; and, as it cures the reptile, it will also cure a human being, if bitten by the same species.

Bug stood motionless watching the cotton-mouths fighting—two spotted reptiles, with red eyes, huge mouths wide open now, and as white as snow within—hissing, darting to and fro, and rising on their tails a yard from the ground to strike. The spectacle was hideous, but seemed to delight Bug. His eyes glowed, and, from the singular expression of his brutal countenance, he seemed to have conceived some mysterious plan, in which this accidental encounter between the two reptiles might serve him.

The combat was soon over. One of the snakes retreated rapidly, bleeding from a deep wound, and Bug was about to follow him, when he saw the wounded snake stop suddenly and bite at a strange-looking plant, with spotted stem and white inner leaves, resembling thus the skin and the interior of

the mouth of the cotton-mouth. An expression of wonder came to the negro's face as he witnessed the proceeding of the snake, and he stole toward it. As he approached, it glided into the jungle and disappeared, and Bug stooped and plucked the plant. It seemed to writhe and curl around his knotted fingers as he did so, and he nearly dropped it. A grin at his own folly succeeded; he closely examined the plant, of which he had never before seen a specimen; and ended by carefully depositing it in a small flannel bag, which he drew from his pocket. From the extreme care which he exhibited in securing his prize, it was obvious that he attached great value to it. He was the possessor of the antidote to the bite of the formidable cotton-mouth! Others, if bitten, would die despite all that could be done for them—while he would live! Bug, therefore, tied up the flannel bag securely, deposited it in a secret pocket of his coat, and continued his way to the bayou, where he untied a small skiff, made of a hollow log, and called a "dug-out," in which he rapidly crossed by means of a rude paddle.

III.

On this night, a repulsive and disgusting scene took place in a mysterious nook of the jungle on the shore of the bayou, where the almost impenetrable forest concealed the spectacle from every eye; and a fearful deed was perpetrated in the cabin of the African Bug.

Upon neither of these scenes shall we more than touch. A reference to them is necessary to a comprehension of the narrative; but from a nearer view the writer shrinks with a repugnance as great as that which would probably be felt by the reader.

The scene in the jungle was the celebration, by a gang of half-intoxicated and wholly frenzied Africans of both sexes, of the weird and loathsome rite of the "Voodoo." What is the Voodoo? A hundred different descriptions have been given in the journals, but the significance of the rite remains a mystery. It can only be said with certainty that this fearful superstition was imported direct from Africa, and has become firmly imbedded in the half-savage minds of the lower class of blacks. More than all else practised by them, it displays the controlling superstition which governs them. The rite is, in conception, significance, method of procedure, and the effect produced by it, brutal, insensate, and full of obscenity. The aim is, to conciliate the devil, who is feared and worshipped as the mysterious spirit of evil. This dark being is sought to be propitiated by boiling together in a caldron, in some secret spot of the woods, at midnight, a cock, a cat, and a snake—those present supping of the horrible broth, drinking fiery spirits, and dancing, half nude, with frenzied rapidity around the caldron. When the mysterious rite is over, the worshippers separate, excited to frenzy, and ready for any crime which may serve to secure for them the favor of the spirit of evil.

Bug had stolen away to the jungle to take part in the celebration of the "Voodoo," and the scene which has been outlined greeted him. From his great strength, his savage

character, and the stern and unsocial air which he habitually wore, Bug was feared and obeyed as one of the leaders of his class. His appearance was, therefore, greeted with shouts and yells; and the weird ceremonies began anew, with greater vigor.

It was some time past midnight when the half-crazed crowd scattered to their homes, and Bug set out to return to his cabin. His scowling eyes and tightly-compressed lips indicated that his mind was brooding upon some dark scheme. He had drunk plentifully of ardent spirits of the strongest sort, and his mood was dangerous. In this condition he reached his cabin, entered, kicked a few twigs together, making a slight blaze in the fireplace, and looked around. His wife Dinah was not in her bed, and a sudden and savage flash darted from the man's eyes. Moving his head up and down in slow menace, he took from his breast the flannel bag in which he had deposited the antidote to the cotton-mouth's bite, glanced furtively around to see if he was observed, carefully inspected the herb, reclosed the bag, and returned it to his coat-pocket with every mark of care and precaution. He then took off his coat, stretched himself upon the floor, and fell into a doze.

He had scarcely lost consciousness, and begun to breathe heavily, when a dusky figure stirred in one corner of the cabin. The figure crawled toward the sleeper; a hand was inserted into the pocket of the coat; and the girl whom Bug had kicked glided from the cabin, holding the precious flannel bag.

In the cabin profound silence reigned until nearly daylight, when Dinah, who had been to nurse a sick friend, returned.

What followed was only suspected from the result. Sudden and piercing outcries were heard from Bug's cabin; a crowd of persons hastened thither; and Dinah was found lying upon the floor, bleeding from a deep wound in her head, of which, half an hour afterward, she expired.

Bug had disappeared. Had he murdered the woman in a fit of drunken jealousy, or had the Voodoo prompted him?

This was, as yet, a mystery; but there could be no manner of doubt that he was the murderer.

IV.

At daylight the woman Dinah was dead, and by noon the country was alive with men and hounds in pursuit of the murderer.

Paul had hastened to send messengers in every direction, to notify the authorities and to post a notice at the neighboring landing, which described the murderer's appearance, and offered "five dollars for every day the woods were hunted, and five hundred dollars for the apprehension of the criminal."

This large reward incited the idlers of the parish to unwonted exertion; and among these was Jake Allmayn, with whom Paul had had the altercation on the preceding day. Between Paul and Allmayn—a burly young fellow of about twenty-five—there now took place a second quarrel. Heated and angry, Paul expressed his surprise that Allmayn, after "taking that wretch Bug with him in his hunts, should now hunt him in turn;" and, when Allmayn made an angry reply, Paul said:

"You shall answer for that, sir."

"Whenever you choose," growled the other.

"To-morrow, then, sir, you shall hear from me."

And, having made this appointment, which in the then state of opinion was destined to result, with fatal certainty, in a bloody encounter, Paul rode home.

A week passed; and, although the whole country had turned out to hunt for the murderer, he was not apprehended, and, in fact, no trace of him whatever had been discovered. Whether he were hiding in the cabins of his own people, and stealing from place to place at the then state of opinion was destined to result, with fatal certainty, in a bloody encounter, Paul rode home.

Meanwhile, the family of Mr. Hermonceux had recovered, in a great measure, from the horror excited by the death of Dinah. The evening for the ball to celebrate the approaching nuptials of Paul and Elise was near; and the young people, together with old Pierre Hermonceux, gave themselves up to tranquil enjoyment.

Elise, with a queenly little air of importance at the idea of the prominent position which she had assumed, but with some confusion, too, at the idea of the publicity about to greet her, tried on dress after dress in her little flower-decorated apartment, in one of the wings of the mansion, inhaling the breath of the many blossoms with delight, and musing dreamily on the future as Paul's wife. The word startled her as she uttered it, while her maid was dressing her hair, and she said, quickly:

"Don't tell anybody how foolish I am, Lisette."

"Foolish, miss?" said Lisette, a bright-eyed quadroon girl, greatly devoted to her mistress; "who says Miss 'Lise is foolish?"

"No one that I am aware of, Lisette," returned the young lady with a sigh and a smile; "but you know it is really terrible to think that one is going to be married, and that, after being one's own mistress, one is going to be somebody's wife! Well, I suppose it is too late to think now. I wonder if any thing can prevent it?"

By a singular chance, Paul was uttering the same words at the same moment to his father, who was tranquilly smoking his cigar on the veranda.

"Do you know, *mon père*," said the young man, "I begin to be fearful for the first time, now that my marriage is near, that something is going to happen."

"What do you mean, Paul?"

"Well, I don't know. Nothing. And yet I have a dreaded foreboding—something fearful seems approaching."

"Nonsense! your nerves are disordered."

"Possibly; that wretch Bug has shaken me, and three days from now—"

He stopped, not desiring his father to know that in three days his encounter with Allmayn was destined to take place. It had

been deferred, but at last all was arranged, and Paul had the questionable luxury of reflecting that probably a bullet or sword-thrust would put an end to him just as he was about to be married to the woman whom he loved.

"Yes," said his father, repeating the young man's last words, "three days from now the affair will be public. Elise will be your betrothed beyond retreat, and in ten days you will be married."

Paul mused with a rather sad expression, and muttered, half aloud, half to himself, the very words pronounced by Elise in her chamber:

"I wonder if any thing can prevent it?"

V.

THE morning of the day upon which the ball at Mr. Hermonceux's was to take place had arrived, and the mutter of thunder in the distance indicated the approach of a storm.

The vast fields of cotton shook and seemed to cower under the quick gusts heralding the tempest, possibly the hurricane; and all who could seek shelter hurried to protect themselves from what experience told them was one of the greatest dangers of life in the equatorial regions.

A single human being was seen near the centre of one of the fields, and this human being was running rapidly, looking behind him as he ran.

The fugitive was Bug. He was even more gaunt and ferocious in appearance than when first presented to the reader. The colored handkerchief tied around his head was in rags, and his clothes hung from his brawny limbs in tatters. He panted as he ran, for the hounds of Allmayn had been baying on his track since daylight. He had succeeded more than once in throwing them off the scent by crossing water, making enormous leaps by the aid of saplings bent down, and by other devices; but the dogs had rediscovered his trail, and had followed surely on his track.

Suddenly Bug stopped. The baying seemed to rush upon him—the blood-hounds were within four hundred yards of him, followed, at twice or thrice the distance, by Allmayn and a constable.

The criminal had now but one chance—to gain a neighboring jungle in which the horsemen could not follow him. To effect this, however, it would first be necessary to rid himself in some manner of the dogs; and a scene followed which is apt to excite the incredulity of the reader.

Bug remained motionless for a moment, his head turned toward the hounds, and then, taking from his pocket the "careless weed," which he had plucked on the night of the Voodoo, quietly rubbed it over his clothes, paying particular attention to his limbs and breast. He then crumbled the weed between his hands, bruised the remnant between his teeth, and waited.

The blood-hounds rushed upon him with a fury which was clearly indicated in their burning and bloodshot eyes—the huge mouths open, with their double rows of sharp teeth—the broad breasts shaken by hoarse growls. No human power seemed able to rescue the criminal from instant death—when something

incredible was all at once seen. Bug, instead of retreating, turned to the dogs and patted his leg, calling to them. The voice—the smell of the herb rubbed on his clothes—something—arrested them. The pack, but a moment before so furious, lost their fury, circled around the criminal with a few low growls, smelt at his knee, whined—and, when Bug suddenly began running again toward the jungle, clapping his hands and hallooing on the dogs as if pursuing game, the blood-hounds darted savagely in front, pierced the winding paths of the jungle, and Bug was safe from them.

He was lost, nevertheless. The halt had given Allmayn and the constable time to come up, and Bug now heard the tramp of hoofs close on him; a pistol-shot was fired at him; and he was ordered by Allmayn to halt. The criminal put his hand under his shirt and grasped the handle of a long knife, running as he did so. Unfortunately, just as he was near the jungle, his foot slipped into the hole of a water-rat, and he fell. Before he could rise, Allmayn had struck him over the head with a heavy club, and he was secured.

"You black scoundrel! you infernal rascal!" cried Allmayn; "if I had another load in my pistol—but tie him tight, Stokes! Five hundred dollars for us, and a gallows for this blackbird!"

Bug submitted sullenly. His hands were tied behind him, and he was ordered to walk beside his captors, who proceeded to conduct him to the jail of the parish, some miles distant.

On the way—the storm having swept off—Allmayn passed the time in insults directed toward Bug, in joyous allusions to the reward, and in helping himself and Stokes, his companion, to the contents of a flask. At last Allmayn said:

"I tell you what it is, Stokes, I would like to see the color of old Hermonceux's money at once, particularly as I am to fight his son to-morrow. Go and tell him the rascal is nabbed, and then you can join me at the jail."

"Jest so, captin," said Mr. Stokes; "he's all secure, I should say."

"I'm not afraid—go ahead, Stokes!"

And Stokes went ahead, disappearing in the direction of Mr. Hermonceux's.

Toward sunset the constable had conveyed his message to the old planter, and returned to the jail. No Allmayn and criminal had been seen! The man uttered a short, gruff sound, which indicated a sudden fear, and went at a gallop toward the spot where he had left his employé and Bug.

A mile from the place where they had parted the constable found Allmayn's horse, quietly grazing. Half a mile farther he discovered the body of Allmayn. He was quite dead. A knife or other sharp weapon had been plunged through and through his heart.

As to Bug, he had disappeared.

VI.

ALLMAYN had met his fate in the simplest manner. The cords securing Bug's wrists behind him had not been tied sufficiently tight. By cautiously writhing his wrists to and fro the man had loosened it still more, and, al-

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though his arms were bleeding profusely from the sharp cord, he found his hands free.

The rest was the work of a moment. He was walking by Allmayn's horse, on the right side. He selected the moment when his captor was raising the flask of spirits to his mouth, thus uncovering his breast, and struck the knife into his heart. Allmayn fell back like a log—his horse darting forward out of the murderer's reach. Bug then rapidly searched the dying man's pockets, gave him a parting kick, and was soon buried in the jungle.

He had not gone twenty steps when he met one of his friends from a neighboring plantation, who had been to Mr. Hermonceux's on a visit, and now gave him the information that Mas' Paul and Miss 'Lise's great bull was to be that night.

At this intelligence, Bug, who had listened in silence, gave a sort of start. What diabolical thought had entered his mind? Once before, on that evening when he observed the fight between the cotton-mouths, his face had worn the same singular expression. It was not an expression of simple hatred, but one of extraordinary cunning—as though the innate malignity of his soul had spurred him to something like reasoning. He said nothing, however, to his fellow-African, nodded his head, and, turning aside, was lost in the bamboo-thicket.

The path he followed conducted him straight to the spot where he and his associates had celebrated the disgusting rite, and indulged in the repulsive orgies of the "Voodoo." In the bayou near a huge alligator was resting its jaws on the slimy bank, like the guardian devil of the spot; and Bug stopped and looked around him for several moments. As he did so, the expression of cunning and malignity deepened on his face, and with a low, hoarse sound issuing in a sort of growl from his lips, he went toward the bayou. The dug-out was in its nook where he had hidden it, and he crossed. He was now near the spot where he had plucked the "careless weed" and seen the cotton-mouths. Others were probably near at hand, and, in fact, Bug had not gone ten steps when he saw the crested head of a female cotton-mouth (which differs in appearance from the male) protruding from a hole in which the reptile had concealed her progeny.

The face of the murderer filled with savage joy. With the rapidity of a wild-cat he leaped forward, struck the snake with a heavy stick which he had caught up, and had the satisfaction of seeing the reptile writhe in the death-agony. Another blow crushed the venomous head. Then Bug drew a string from his pocket, tied it around the neck of the snake, and hastened, through the fast-gathering gloom, toward Mr. Hermonceux's, dragging the dead reptile after him by the string.

Busy with preparations for the ball, the household at Mr. Hermonceux's did not observe a dusky figure approach, in the darkness, the chamber of Elise in the wing, trail the dead snake through the veranda and in at the door, and deposit it under a chair upon which clothes were thrown. Then the figure vanished.

VII.

PAUL HERMONCEUX, having surveyed the "situation" from all points of view, and carefully debated the matter in his mind, had determined to have the unheard-of audacity of surprising Mademoiselle Elise Beauvivre into marriage on this very night.

He had, accordingly, provided himself with a marriage-license; arranged, in secret confidence, that groomsmen and bridesmaids should be ready at the critical moment; and, not to afford Elise the shadow of an excuse for refusing to bear her part in the ceremony, Paul had induced his father to order for Elise a magnificent *trousseau* from New Orleans, including a bridal robe and wreath, which had duly arrived, and were now opened.

It was only after the arrival of the company, which was numerous and in high spirits, that Elise was informed by Mr. Hermonceux of the trick which they designed to play upon her. Thereupon, as we need scarcely inform our lady readers, ensued a tremendous outcry from the young lady. Married on that evening? *Married!* Impossible!—absurd!—unheard of! How could she be! No preparation, no *trousseau*, no bridal robes, no wreath, no clergyman! Alas! all these sound reasons for delay were met and overthrown in turn. All had been thought of—groomsmen, bridesmaids, *trousseau*, license, and clergyman.

And, with some tears, many blushes and tremors, Elise—declaring that the thing was utterly out of the question, and that she could not consent—consented.

Accompanied by her bridesmaids, she accordingly went to her chamber, from which she had been absent receiving her company from an early hour in the evening, and there upon the couch, the table, the chairs, was spread out the magical *trousseau*. In the midst of joyous exclamations, the door was slammed, the bride was taken possession of, and the company in the great drawing-room, informed of the approaching event, talked loudly, laughed, jested, sipped the rich wines of Mr. Hermonceux, and congratulated Paul upon his good fortune.

Such was the scene in the reception-room of the mansion, and the joyous revel was at its height, when piercing screams were heard from the bride's chamber, and Mr. Hermonceux, who was nearest, hastened, with a sudden throb of the heart, followed by Paul, in the direction of the sounds. As they reached the door, it was thrown violently open, and one of the young ladies, who had entered with Elise, rushed out, her face pallid with terror, crying: "Dr. Orme! Dr. Orme is here!—Doctor!—Elise is bitten by—a cotton-mouth!"

The words sent a shudder of horror through the company. The bite of the cotton-mouth was known to be mortal.

Mr. Hermonceux was the first to reach the chamber. Elise was stretched upon a sofa in her bridal dress; the young ladies had huddled together in a corner; in the opposite corner a cotton-mouth was erect upon its tail, hissing and furious. Mr. Hermonceux made short work of the reptile. Seizing a chair, he struck it with all his force just as

it sprung at him, felled it, and, carried away by rage, ground its head to jelly beneath his heel. Turning, he hastened to Elise. Dr. Orme, an old and experienced physician, found among the guests, was closely examining the young lady. Just above the bracelet on her right arm a double row of minute punctures were seen; a little foam, mixed with blood, oozed from the puncture, and the arm was rapidly swelling and turning green.

A heavy, hoarse, hopeless groan issued from the old physician's lips as he took a phial from his riding-case, rapidly brought him, and forced Elise to swallow a considerable portion of its contents.

"I am employing the most violent antidote to the venom which exists," he said, in a low tone, to Mr. Hermonceux, "but it is useless to conceal from you, sir, that there is no hope. The bite of the cotton-mouth is mortal; and this is under aggravated circumstances. See! there is a dead female of the species under that chair—how it came there Heaven knows—the male has followed it, by the scent of the trail; finding it dead, he has grown furious; this poor child probably placed her arm near, is bitten by the reptile in the moment of greatest fury!"

The physician stopped, and looked in a hopeless way at the girl, who was writhing and sobbing.

"Good Heavens!" cried Dr. Orme, "if something only could be done! To see this sweet child die thus, and to be able to do nothing! After all, there is an antidote for the bite of the cotton-mouth; there are herbs culled by the negroes to cure—what is that!"

The words were uttered with sudden vehemence. Lisette, the maid, trembling all over, and in tears, had thrust into the doctor's hand the flannel-bag stolen by the small girl from Bug on the night of Dinah's murder. The girl had intrusted it to her friend Lisette as some "snake-charm, she reckon;" Lisette had carefully preserved it, and now pushed it into the physician's hand.

Dr. Orme opened it, and his face suddenly beamed.

"If I'm not mistaken," he cried, "this is the antidote. I have never before seen it, but have heard it described—spotted stem, white inner leaves—yes!"

And, without losing a moment, Dr. Orme bruised and applied a portion of the plant to the young lady's arm; forcing her to drink a decoction made of the remainder.

The guests did not leave the house until long after midnight. Then it was announced to them that Elise was unquestionably easier. Of the efficacy of the antidote there could be no question. The swelling had subsided; the punctures had discharged the venom; the young lady was sleeping.

VIII.

THE double murderer, who had sought to add to the murder of his wife and of Allmayn, the third victim—Elise, the bride-to-be of his hated foe, Paul—had thus failed in his scheme; and, through his own instrumentality, the antidote was at hand to defeat his design.

After depositing the dead snake in Elise's chamber—whither he well knew the male would follow it by the trail—Bug hurried back

toward the bayou, where he knew he should now require all his ingenuity to conceal himself.

As he went on, hunger began to gnaw at his vitals, and the fatigue and excitement of the day began to tell upon him. He had in his pocket the flask of rum taken from the hand of Allmayn when he fell; and this he now raised to his lips, swallowing a deep draught of the fiery liquid.

In the enfeebled state of his system it affected him strangely. The fire-flies danced before him in mystic masses, and seemed swarming around his head and trying to blind him—the hoarse croak from the jungle seemed to threaten—the splash of an alarmed crocodile, sending a long wave over the slimy surface of the bayou, made him start.

What impressed him most strongly, however, as he went with long strides after crossing the bayou, by the scene of the Voodoo, was the spectral trunks of the great sycamores, and their spotted limbs reaching down as though to catch him by the hair. This spotted tree resembled the cotton-mouth, and the great trunks rose before him like a gigantic swarm of snakes, moving with him, hissing, and ready to bend down and strangle him.

Bug began to run. Terror had seized upon him. He darted on and came to a second bayou, at which there was no boat—but on the banks of which the hated sycamores grew thicker. Bug leaped into the water—any thing was better than the presence of these awful phantoms. He waded rapidly; the water came to his waist—to his neck; he began to swim, and finally reached the opposite bank, where a huge sycamore, with spotted bark, extended over the water.

Bug seized one of the slimy roots to draw himself out of the water. As he did so he felt something soft and cold; then the object writhed, then a sharp pain struck his naked arm.

He rose to the bank with an herculean effort, and looked at what he grasped. It was a cotton-mouth, upon which he had inadvertently put his hand, and the reptile had sunk its fangs in his flesh.

Bug's hand went to his breast quickly for the antidote. It was gone—stolen, as the reader has seen, by the negro girl whom he had kicked from his path. He felt again—now in one pocket, now in another—under his shirt—everywhere. It was gone!

Having clearly ascertained that he had not the antidote upon his person, the man uttered a groan and began to run to and fro searching for the plant. In ten minutes he began to stagger, and his head grew dizzy. The spotted sycamores, more than ever resembling gigantic cotton-mouths, went with him, and laughed. One of them, at last, seemed to seize and strangle him.

He fell at full length—dead.

Elise, thanks to the antidote, recovered from her terrible accident, and her marriage was not delayed longer than the day which she herself had fixed—the cunning device of Mr. Paul Hermonceux to control the inclinations of a young lady as to the day of her marriage having thus completely failed. The unfortunate death of Mr. Allmayn put an end to the absurd quarrel between Paul and him-

self; and when old Pierre Hermonceux, a few years afterward, paid the debt of Nature, he left Paul and Elise master and mistress of his great estates.

The tale which we have related, chiefly to present a sketch of a singular race, may not appear of a cheerful and domestic character; but the picture of Paul and Elise Hermonceux, happy and smiling, will, we hope, make some amends.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

THE LAST OF DUELLING IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

THE last public duel between Englishmen in England occurred in 1845. During the ten previous years Mr. Roebuck had fought with Mr. Black; Honorable Grantley Berkely with Mr. Magin; Lord Castlereagh with M. de Meley; the Marquis of Londonderry with Mr. Henry Grattan; Lord Cardigan with Captain Tuckett; and Colonel Fawcett with Lieutenant Monroe. Five years earlier—in 1829—the Duke of Wellington had challenged and fought the Earl of Winchelsea. This last affair of honor was really the epoch of duelling in England. The old duke never said as much—indeed, he always thought lightly of duelling—but there is little doubt that he regarded his meeting Winchelsea in the field as the most absurd transaction of his life. Wellington was prime-minister. He had brought in the "Roman Catholic Relief Bill." The Earl of Winchelsea opposed it, and said that the whole thing was done under false pretences. A prodigious correspondence ensued, ending with the duke's writing: "For this insult I believe that his lordship will be anxious to give me reparation." Now, "reparation" in duelling parlance is the same as "satisfaction," and it is quite evident that this is what the old warrior was driving at. The earl, however, without retracting, continued beating the bush until he received a note in these words:

"I now call upon your lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman has a right to require, and which a gentleman never refuses to give. I have the honor, etc., WELLINGTON."

To this the earl replied:

"The satisfaction which your grace has demanded, it is, of course, impossible for me to decline. I have the honor to be, etc., WINCHELSEA."

Accordingly, the parties met at Battersea Fields the next morning, the duke attended by Sir Henry Hardinge, the earl by Lord Falmouth. The ground having been measured, and the places taken by the principals, at the word "Fire!" the duke raised his pistol, but seemed to hesitate, for he saw that the earl kept his pistol pointing to the ground, evidently not intending to fire. He then fired at random. The earl did not discharge his pistol. Thereupon Lord Falmouth stepped forward and delivered a memorandum to Sir Henry Hardinge, expressing the earl's regret, and the parties separated. Upon a subsequent inquiry by a committee of the House,

Lord Falmouth stated that the condition on which he consented to act as second to the earl was that the latter should not fire at the duke. This was certainly a very odd arrangement; but Lord Falmouth went on to say that "the Earl of Winchelsea thought that the injury he had done the Duke of Wellington was too great for a mere apology, and that he ought to receive his fire." Was ever infatuation carried further? Nothing can be more significant of the change that forty years have produced in public opinion, than that such a man as the Duke of Wellington should have felt it his duty to resort to a duel in vindication of his character.

The most strange part of the history of duelling in England is the constant conflict that existed for many years between the civil courts and the military courts. The Queen's Bench decided one way; the Horse Guards another. Any death resulting from a duel was pronounced murder at Westminster Hall. At the very same time an officer in the army who had omitted to resent an affront, or declined to receive a challenge, was invariably dismissed the service. The late Sir Frederick Pollock made acquaintance some years ago, on his circuit, with two young men, officers in the army, who were going to surrender and take their trial on a charge arising out of a duel in which they had been seconds. One of the principals had been killed, and the survivor, a Captain Sooper, was also to be tried. It was understood, at that time, that the attention of the judges had been called to the frequency of duelling, and the government were determined to make an example in order to put a stop to this prevailing evil. The seconds surrendered. Captain Sooper was already in custody. The grand-jury threw out the bill against the seconds altogether, and did not put them on trial even for manslaughter, but they found a true bill against Sooper for murder. At the trial the case was fully proved, that is, that Sooper and his antagonist met on the field of honor (so called), and the result was the death of Sooper's opponent. Justice Dampier presided, and laid down the law with more than usual firmness and severity. Sooper listened to the charge with great interest and anxiety. He was a married man, with a family of children; he had watched the earlier proceedings with some indifference; he knew the grand-jury had thrown out the bill against the seconds, and in his own case he expected the common result, either a verdict of acquittal, or at most of manslaughter, followed by a short imprisonment. But the tone of the judge's summing up roused him from his dream; he fully understood the import of every word that fell from the bench, and he listened with constantly-growing alarm. Sometimes there was a slight movement in his face as of a spasm, but in all other respects he maintained perfect composure. At length the jury were dismissed to consider their verdict, and were absent about half an hour—a delay which led to the hope of a favorable result. Upon their return, there was the most profound silence in court. The sheriff read out their names, and they were called upon for their verdict. Every eye was bent upon the foreman as he pronounced the

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words, "We find the prisoner guilty of murder." Captain Sooper was facing the jury. No sooner was this said than, turning deadly pale, he fell down as if shot with a mortal wound, and, amid the profoundest silence of the audience, uttered one long, loud groan. It occupied several minutes to restore the prisoner, but he was shortly so far recovered as to receive the sentence of the court, and was called upon in the usual form to say "why sentence of death should not be passed upon him according to law."

Captain Sooper began his reply by apologizing for the interruption he had given to the business of the court, which, he said, he hoped would not be imputed to the fear of death, which he had braved unmoved in battle. But he had a wife and children, to whom he had trusted to bequeath his only fortune—the unstained character of a soldier and a man of honor; but now he was to die the death of a felon, and to leave to his children the infamy of a murderer. He then adverted to the circumstances of the duel, which had come out in part during the trial—that his adversary was the aggressor, and had publicly offered him an insult which he dared not overlook; that he had been willing to accept of any apology, but could get none; that he had no alternative but to send a challenge or lose his commission; that it was well known, he averred, to every one acquainted with the army that, if he had not sent a challenge to vindicate his honor and the honor of the service, the next post would have brought an intimation from the Horse Guards that the king had no further occasion for his services; and he pointed out strongly the strange contrast between the practice of the army, not only authorized and encouraged, but expected and exacted by the highest powers, and the stern sentence of the law with reference to the same transaction. He spoke of the deceased with affection and regret, and declared that nothing but a sense of what he owed to his profession would have led him to send the challenge, and he bitterly lamented that a false idea of honor had precluded a friend from yielding the apology which would have ended the quarrel.

This is but a faint outline of Captain Sooper's address, which was delivered with a firm voice and in a manly manner. Scarcely a dry eye was seen, and in many parts of the crowded court loud sobs proclaimed the deep sympathy excited. The judge was taken quite by surprise; he was an able and good man, and full of the kindest feelings. He listened attentively, and was obviously much interested. Soon he stooped forward, and, leaning on his elbows, rested his chin on one hand, *clinched*; presently he added the other, *clinching* both hands, apparently to control his emotions. At length tears started from his eyes and rolled down his fine, manly face; he raised his head, unclenched his hands, and covered his face, still leaning on his elbows, and thus awaited the end of Captain Sooper's appeal. At the conclusion, he omitted all comment on the offence, and made no remark of any sort, but simply said: "The sentence of the law is," etc. But, while the judge was moved, and his face was covered with his hands, the prisoner said: "And for this I am

to be led to execution like the vilest felon." Dampier, overpowered by the appeal, said to himself, unwittingly loud enough to be overheard by the high-sheriff: "No, by God, you shall not die!" There was some difficulty in procuring a remission of the sentence, but the judge was firm, and Sooper was ultimately pardoned.

In Scotland the duel that proved the knell of the departing custom occurred in 1822 between Sir Alexander Boswell and James Stuart. The former, a considerable master of irony, had published a song in the *Glasgow Sentinel* containing imputations of cowardice against the latter. He was asked to disavow the authorship, but would not; to withdraw the imputation, but he declined; and, even after the matter became serious, to say that he intended no reflection upon Mr. Stuart's courage, but he persisted in remaining silent. The meeting, therefore, was decided upon. In the carriage, on the way to the ground, Sir Alexander expressed his decided opinion that Mr. Stuart could have done nothing else than call him out. He also declared his intention to fire in the air, and, on getting out of the carriage, he said: "Now, gentlemen, observe it is my fixed resolution to fire in the air." Mr. Stuart's feelings seem to have been equally forbearing. He said that he had no malice against Sir Alexander, and, before any thing took place, he asked his second, the Earl of Rosslyn, if it were not fit that he should make a bow to his opponent and express a wish for reconciliation. The earl thought it right, and Mr. Stuart advanced toward Sir Alexander, apparently for that purpose, but the latter's back was turned, and he did not perceive the intention. Mr. Stuart's conduct, from first to last, was cool, composed, and temperate. The ground was then measured—twelve long paces. They took their positions, the pistols were handed to them, and the Earl of Rosslyn gave the word. At the first fire Sir Alexander fell, mortally wounded. After he fell, he said he regretted he had not made his fire in the air more decided than it was. The ball had struck him in the shoulder, shattered the shoulder-blade, and was supposed to have entered the spine. Mr. Stuart advanced with great anxiety toward the fallen man, but the Earl of Rosslyn hurried him away. The unfortunate baronet was carried to Balmuto House, where he expired.

Mr. Stuart was tried for wilful murder in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh; but the jury, after a few minutes' consultation, without leaving the box, returned a unanimous verdict of "Not guilty."

The late Earl of Cardigan, whose brutality earned for him the *sobriquet* of "Black-bottle Cardigan," but whose subsequent bravery in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava has been immortalized by Tennyson, became celebrated by an affair of honor which occurred in 1840. As this duel and the subsequent legal proceedings in the House of Lords had much to do in bringing duelling into disrepute in England, it is worth describing:

Lord Cardigan, then lieutenant-colonel of the Tenth Dragoons, gave a party at Brighton, to which he invited a majority of the officers of

the Eleventh Hussars. A young lady among the guests happened to express her surprise at the absence of Captain Reynolds. Lord Cardigan replied, "My lady, Captain Reynolds is not one of the persons whom I receive." This reply was repeated to the latter, who wrote to his lordship for an explanation. No answer was deigned. On the following day Cardigan received a challenge from the captain. Consulting his friends, and they all declaring that the rules of the service prohibited a duel between an inferior and superior officer, Lord Cardigan submitted the matter to the commander-in-chief, who, instead of calling a court-martial, placed Captain Reynolds under arrest.

A new incident now supervened. Captain Tuckett took up the cause of Reynolds, and published a letter which Lord Cardigan considered offensive. Disregarding at this time difference in rank, his lordship sent a challenge to Captain Tuckett, and they fought on Wimbledon Common, the latter receiving a severe though not fatal wound.

For this Lord Cardigan was tried by his peers in the House of Lords for felony, amid all the "pomp and circumstance" of English aristocratic law. Sir James Anderson, the surgeon at the duel, was called as a witness. He was cautioned by the lord high steward not to criminate himself. Then followed a scene that could not have been witnessed in any country but England.

"Of what profession are you, Sir James?" asked the attorney-general.

"I am a physician," replied Sir James.

"Where do you live?"

"In New Burlington Street."

"Are you acquainted with Captain Tuckett?"

"I must decline answering that question."

"Were you on Wimbledon Common on the 12th of September?"

"I must decline answering that also."

"Were you on that day called upon to attend any gentleman that was wounded?"

"I must decline that again."

"Can you tell where Captain Tuckett lives?"

"I must decline the question."

"Do you decline answering any question respecting Captain Tuckett?"

"Any question that may criminate myself."

"And you consider answering any question respecting Captain Tuckett may tend to criminate you?"

"Possibly it would."

"And on that ground you decline?"

"I do."

The termination of the trial was equally characteristic. After proclamation made for silence, the lord high steward, standing up, by a list called every peer by his name, and asked him, "How says your lordship, is James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, guilty of the felony whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?" Whereupon each peer, upon his name being called, standing up in his place uncovered, and laying his right hand upon his breast, answered, "Not guilty, upon my honor."

After all the peers had given their verdict, the lord high steward, standing up, de-

clared his opinion to the same effect. The Earl of Cardigan, being then brought to the bar, the lord high steward said: "James Thomas, Earl of Cardigan, you have been indicted for a felony, and your peers have said 'Not guilty.'" The white staff was then broken into two pieces, and the court dissolved. The *Times* pronounced this acquittal "honorable."

It was an absurd farce from beginning to end, and in its results did much to put down the barbarous practice of duelling in England.

N. S. DODGE.

AN OPEN QUESTION.*

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE ICE," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

THE time passed pleasantly indeed with Bernal Mordaunt. The worn-out man felt this rest to be sweet after his weary life; and it was sweeter still, after so many years of loneliness and exile and wandering, to find around him once more the tender embrace of kindred and of affection. In his far-distant home, as missionary, the Abbé Mordaunt had not been without those lofty consolations which the active performance of a high duty, and zealous labor for the good of man, and fervent faith, can give to the soul, even when all earthly joys have been torn from its grasp; but such labors and such zeal were only possible in the days of his vigorous manhood. Now, when vigor had gone, and such apostolic labors were no longer possible, his heart yearned for some close human tie, and some tender human affection. For this cause he had thought of his daughters, and had come home to find them. One was gone, but one was left; and that heart of his, which had so long been destitute of the treasures of human love, now expanded, and filled itself with that tender affection which was lavished by her whom he called "his own," "his only one," "his darling daughter," "his most precious Inez."

In spite of all his deep yearning for this filial love, Bernal Mordaunt was not exacting; and it has been seen how carefully he tried to avoid standing between Bessie and one whom he supposed to be the object of tenderer and stronger affections than any which she could bestow upon himself. It has been seen also how Bessie frustrated his self-denying plans, and met this sacrifice of love, by another sacrifice of love on her part, and refused to accord to Sir Gwyn any privileges which might draw her away from Bernal Mordaunt. This Bernal Mordaunt felt more than any thing that had occurred since his return home. He believed that it must be a sacrifice on her part; yet in his secret soul he exulted over such a sacrifice, since it had been made for his sake. He deprecated it as greatly as he

could to her, but Bessie met such deprecatory language in a way of her own which was thoroughly characteristic, by the profession of still greater love, and by the declaration that she would give herself up altogether to him, and for his sake cut herself off from all society. This, however, Bernal Mordaunt did not wish her to do. In his love for her, he regarded not only her present but her future, and he was not selfish enough to permit his own happiness to stand in the way of what he considered her permanent good. The regard which he had from the first conceived for Sir Gwyn Ruthven had steadily increased with the progress of their acquaintance; and it seemed to him that Sir Gwyn was in every respect a man to whom he might gladly intrust the daughter whom he loved so fondly, and for whose future welfare he was so solicitous.

Meanwhile, Sir Gwyn, though full of a sincere and devoted regard for Bernal Mordaunt, had not by any means lost sight of the great aim of his present life. Bessie, in her new rôle of affectionate daughter, appeared to him to be more charming than ever. It needed but this to complete her charms in his eyes, and to transform her into an angel. What was best, the cordiality and evident regard which Bernal Mordaunt always exhibited toward himself had placed him upon a footing of familiar and intimate friendship, and thus enabled him to see to the best advantage the tender, the incessant, the self-denying care of Bessie for the old man. Still, in spite of this surrender of herself, Bessie was not separated from him; in fact, she appeared to be drawn nearer to him, and never had Sir Gwyn more profoundly enjoyed himself. Bernal Mordaunt himself was willing to favor the lovers in every possible way; and often, when Bessie would not leave him, he pretended to be asleep, so as to leave an open field to Sir Gwyn. At other times he would occupy himself with reading, and watch those two who were both so dear to him, with a quiet smile, which showed with what tender human sympathy he noticed the progress of affairs.

Bessie showed herself in all respects a daughter beyond all praise. She walked with the old man, making him lean on her slender arm; she read to him all the daily papers; she assisted in finding out what books he preferred; and used to sit at his feet on a low stool reading to him for hours, while he rested his hand on her golden hair, and watched her with a look of unspeakable love. She was quick to discover that he liked her conversation, and was amused with her little Hibernicisms, and occasional outcropping of the brogue which distinguished it; and so she took pains every day to have some amusing story to tell him, and to tell it too in her oddest manner, with her oddest idioms, well satisfied if she could succeed in raising a laugh at the point of this story, which she took good care to introduce always in the most effective way. When local events failed, she would fall back upon her early reminiscences, and these were invariably of so grotesque a kind that Bernal Mordaunt relished them more than any thing else.

Bernal Mordaunt thus was happy—more truly and calmly happy than he had been for

years. It was not, indeed, so elevated a sentiment as some which he had known during his active missionary life; not that high spiritual rapture which had sometimes visited his soul; yet it was true happiness, tender and human and domestic, a feeling well deserved, and well befitting the man whom years and hard labor and sorrow had enfeebled. For, in spite of the calm and quiet life into which he had passed; in spite of the pure and invigorating air; in spite of his own peace of mind and happiness; in spite even of the incessant and vigilant and most tender care of the devoted Bessie, Bernal Mordaunt's health did not improve, but, on the contrary, strange as it may appear, from the moment that he came to Mordaunt Manor, his health and strength gradually yet steadily failed. There was no visible cause for this. Every thing around him seemed adapted to build up a weakened constitution, and give tone and vigor to an enfeebled frame, yet still there was the mysterious fact, and Bernal Mordaunt himself knew it and felt it, accepting it, however, with solemn and placid resignation as the inevitable will of Heaven.

One morning, as he and Bessie were together, Sir Gwyn found them, and after a short time Bessie meekly withdrew. Bernal Mordaunt was struck by this occurrence, which was quite singular, for Bessie had always chosen to remain on former occasions; but at length it was explained, for Sir Gwyn, with all the embarrassment which is usual in such cases, proceeded to inform him that he had come to ask his daughter's hand.

The reception of this request was all that Sir Gwyn could have desired. Bernal Mordaunt pressed the young man's hand, and looked at him earnestly, with moistened eyes.

"My dear Gwyn," said he, addressing him in the familiar style which the young man had himself requested that he would use—"my dear Gwyn, the object of my dearest regard on earth is my sweet daughter Inez, and her future happiness. You know how dear she is to me, and how I live in her presence. You know, too, what a heart of love she has—how tender she is, how true, how devoted, how forgetful of self. I never cease to thank Heaven for the mercy bestowed upon one so undeserving as I am, in the gift of an angel upon earth, to be my daughter, to love me, to tend me, to devote herself to me, as she does. But still I am not forgetful of the future, my boy; and I know that the best thing for her to win is the heart of a brave, loyal gentleman, who may be her protector through life. I have seen all this in you, Gwyn, my dear boy, and I am happy in the thought that you love her; and, if you can win her love, you have, not only my consent, but my grateful and earnest good wishes. You have my consent, Gwyn, and more—you have my most affectionate sympathies; for it will give me sincere happiness to receive you as my son."

Gwyn was quite overcome at such a reception of his request, and murmured some words of acknowledgment. There was evidently something on his mind, however; and this, after some further conversation, all came out.

"I had to ask this first," said he; "but I've got something else that I'm anxious to

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tell you, before this goes any further. It's something that you ought to know, and I ought to tell. It's about my own affairs."

Bernal Mordaunt at this looked at him with a pleasant smile of encouragement.

"The fact is," said Gwyn, "there's some difficulty in my present position, some uncertainty as to my right, not only to my title, but also to my estate. I will explain. I am the youngest of three brothers. My eldest brother died a few years ago, leaving no heirs. Now, between me and him there was a second brother; and it is this one that makes my present position uncertain. About ten years ago, he vanished. He lived in Paris when he was last heard from. He had been very dissipated. As the second son, he had no pros-

of his death is the improbability of any man in needy circumstances allowing a great inheritance to pass into other hands, when he has only to come forward to claim it. At the same time, I know this, that he was always different from other men; and, if he had chanced to be engaged in some mode of life that suited his tastes for the time, he would let the inheritance pass, and not come forward till it suited him to do so. As to my elder brother's death, he must have heard of that, for it was mentioned in all the papers at the time, and, what is more, notices of it were inserted in the leading journals on the Continent and in America. So, you see, as it is possible that he may be alive, it is also possible that I may not be the rightful owner of

no difference to me whether you are rich or poor. The life that I have lived, and the principles that have animated me, have all caused me to regard riches as of less importance than the world supposes. Inez has Mordaunt Manor; and, if you should be stripped of every thing, this would remain, and this would be enough. So do not let any considerations of this sort interfere with your hopes and plans. If you love her, go and try to win her. If she accepts you, I give you my blessing. But, as for this missing brother of whom you speak, of course you have duties there, which I am sure you have already tried to fulfil."

"You are right," said Gwyn, earnestly; "I have tried to find him. I have sent out



"And sure but it's meself that's the heart-broken girl this day!"—Page 374.

pects; and the wild life which he had lived had already exhausted what my father had allowed him. There was some talk of a hasty marriage that he had made with some *grisette* or some unworthy creature. Be that as it may, he vanished, and has never been heard of since.

"Well, you know, my elder brother died, as I have said; and, as my second brother was not to be found, I came in for the inheritance. As to my second brother, I have heard various rumors. Some say that he committed suicide; others, that he died in extreme poverty in Genoa; others, that he went to India, and died there. But, among all these rumors, no proof has ever been brought forward that he is dead. He may be living yet, and the only actual proof that I can adduce in favor

the Ruthven estates; and, if he should ever appear, I should have to give them all up to him. The probability of his appearance is certainly somewhat remote, but still I thought it my duty to explain this matter."

To all this Bernal Mordaunt listened with a pleasant smile.

"My dear boy," said he, as Gwyn finished, "I am grateful to you for your frankness and for your confidence. At the same time, all this makes not the slightest difference in my feelings. When I accepted the proposal which you made, it was not the baronet that I regarded, or the heir of the Ruthven estates, but the young man Gwyn Ruthven, whom I consider as a noble-hearted and loyal gentleman, and whom I esteem, not for what he *has*, but for what he *is*. I assure you that it makes

notices, and have even communicated with the police in Paris, in Vienna, in New York, and in several other places. If he is alive, the place is his, and I am ready to give it up."

"My boy," said Bernal Mordaunt, in tones more tender than any which he had ever, thus far, used to Gwyn, "once upon a time, many years ago, your father and I made an agreement. We were very old friends. We were boys together. We were together at Eton, at Magdalen College, Oxford, and in the same regiment in the army for a few years. We married at about the same time. I lived here, he in London; but, though our families were separated, he and I saw very much of one another, and kept up our friendship. I remember your brothers. On my last visit to Lon-

don, where his duties kept him for the greater part of the year, they were at home—Bruce and Kane, fine, manly boys, though Bruce was not much to my taste. It was Kane that I admired. You, Gwyn, must have been a baby. I didn't see you. Your father and I were speaking of our children. He had only sons; I had only daughters. We thought that it would be a good thing if one of his sons should marry one of my daughters, and thus join those two noble estates. We talked it over with enthusiasm, and we both agreed that it would be too desirable a thing to neglect; and we parted with the wish that it might eventually result in this. Alas! man proposes, but God disposes: our lives were strangely altered from what we anticipated, and I never saw him again. But in you, my dear boy, I see him; and, when I first saw you with my sweet Inez, I could not help wishing that the old hope of years ago might be fulfilled in you and her. Still, you must remember that it is not the union of the estates that I now regard; these things I consider as of small importance, in comparison with the welfare of my sweet Inez. As to your brother, if there is any mode of search that you can yet think of, you had better try it.—And that was the end of poor Kane? And such a noble boy! Poor lad! poor, poor lad!"

"You may rely upon it," said Gwyn, "if there is any conceivable way by which I may hear of him, I will make use of it."

"I know that, of course, my boy," said Bernal Mordaunt, kindly.

After this there was a new tenderness on Bernal Mordaunt's part toward Bessie, which also extended itself to Gwyn. The two young people had evidently come to an understanding; and Bernal Mordaunt, in all his words and looks, showed plainly that he was well pleased for this to be so.

"Gwyn, my dear boy," said he, one day, taking advantage of an occasion on which they happened to be alone, "I wish to speak to you about that subject which we were discussing the other day. You know how dear to my heart is the welfare of my beloved Inez. Every day I think of it more and more, and all the more as I feel that my own end is approaching."

"O sir!" began Gwyn; but Bernal Mordaunt checked him.

"No, no," said he, "I know well what you wish to say, but it is not necessary. Believe me, my own feelings in this matter are a sure guide. See how it is with me. See how much weaker I now am than I was when you first knew me. I came home somewhat broken in health, it is true, yet still not so much invalided but that I might indulge in a reasonable hope of recovery. I had worked hard and suffered much, yet not more so than many of my brethren in the same holy cause. Under ordinary circumstances I might hope for a complete restoration to health from a return to Europe. Indeed, the voyage home proved wonderfully beneficial, so much so that, when I reached Rome, I was congratulated by every one on my vigor and energy. I went to Paris and to London, and my health continued to improve in spite of bad news which I heard, and distressing doubts, and

great fatigue. When I came here I felt strong.

"Yet all these hopes which I had formed of renewed health and prolonged life, it has pleased Heaven to make of no avail. It may be that the purpose which lay before me called forth certain latent energies, the exercise of which was beneficial; and that, when all was gained, and there was nothing more to work for, the cessation of the play of these energies threw me back upon myself, and left me to sink helplessly into this weakness where I now find myself. I put it in this way, for I know no other way in which I may account for it, yet still, whatever be the cause, it is a fact that, since my return to Mordaunt Manor, I have grown steadily worse and worse every day. At this moment I feel a profound weakness and a failure of vital power, which I am sure must soon have a fatal result. There is no help for it. You know, for you have seen, how tenderly, how assiduously, how devotedly, my sweet Inez has nursed me and cared for me. My very food comes from her hands. Her deep love for me will allow no other hands than her own to prepare certain little dainties which she knows I like. She watches me night and day. She hovers around me incessantly. And yet, what can she do? If tenderest love could restore me, hers would do it; but, as it is, Gwyn"—and Bernal Mordaunt's face assumed a look which afterward haunted Gwyn for many a day—"as it is, it really seems as if all her fond care and all her assiduous attention only served to draw me down more surely to death."

"And now, Gwyn, my dear boy," he continued, after a pause, "what I wish to say is this: My days I feel are numbered. I must soon leave her; but, before I go, it is the one desire of my heart to see her future secured; to see her, in short, under your protection before she loses mine. I mention this, my dear boy, because I have it so much at heart, and because it really seems to me that, if this were accomplished, I should die content. Will you not try to do what you can to persuade her to grant this desire of the father whom she loves so tenderly?"

"Oh, come," said Gwyn, "I really think you take too desponding a view of things, and, as to what you mention, I'm sure I'd give my eyes if I could only induce her to consent. Perhaps, if you mentioned it to her, she might be more willing to listen to me."

"I think I had better do so," said Bernal Mordaunt, thoughtfully.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE matter upon which Bernal Mordaunt had spoken to Sir Gwyn was one which had been prominent in his thoughts before, and remained afterward a subject of still more absorbing importance. His deep love for his daughter forced him to dwell upon this idea; and the more he felt his own increasing weakness, the more anxious he was to secure his daughter's future before he should leave

her forever. All that he had said to Sir Gwyn he felt to be true. It was true that his health had improved after leaving the East, and that he had constantly gained strength up to that moment when he had reached Mordaunt Manor. It was true that, since that time, a change had taken place for the worst, and that ever since he had steadily and uninterruptedly grown weaker; and, consequently, if he looked forward to the worst, and confidently expected that death alone could end this, he was justified in his opinion. What might be the cause of this change for the worse Bernal Mordaunt himself did not know. It might be supposed that the pleasant surroundings of home, the perfect rest and calm, and, above all, the unwearied attentions of Bessie, would have had nothing but a beneficial effect upon him; yet Bernal Mordaunt had plainly stated his belief that they had produced upon him an effect which was the very opposite.

But his daughter's future was now the chief thing upon his mind, and soon he felt too impatient to postpone any further the arrangement which he longed to have made.

"My dearest Inez," said he, one evening, after Sir Gwyn had left them, "there is something that I wish to speak to you about."

"What is it, papa dear?" said Bessie.

They were alone together—he in an armchair, she on a stool at his feet—and, as he spoke, she put her little hand in his. He pressed it between his own, and went on:

"It concerns you, my dearest Inez, and is, therefore, the fondest wish of my heart. You see how I am now and how I have been, dear, since my return home. I grow weaker and weaker every day, and I cannot help looking forward to the time when I shall have to leave you."

"Leave me, papa dearest? Why, what do you mean? What are you going to leave me for? Are you tired of me? Are you going back to those horrid Chinamen and Turks? You shall never go near them, or, if you do, I will go with you, so I will."

Bernal Mordaunt shook his head mournfully.

"I meant a different journey, Inez darling," said he, "and one on which no earthly friend, however true and loving, could ever accompany me. It is a journey which I and you and all must go alone, and that journey is nearer, I think, now than ever it was before; and this is the journey that I speak of; and I do not wish to go on it until I accomplish something that is very important."

At this, Bessie withdrew her hand, and clasped this and the other together. Then, shrinking back, she fixed her large blue eyes on Bernal Mordaunt with a look of fear.

"O, papa!" she cried. "O, papa! dear, dearest papa! how horrid it is for you to talk so! O, papa! why do you talk so? O, papa! what makes you so cruel? You cannot mean what you say. It's false, so it is. You're not worse, at all, at all. Oh, how terrible it is for you to speak such words, and sure but it's myself that's the heart-broken girl this day!"

"My dearest child," said Bernal Mordaunt, leaning forward and placing his hand tenderly on her golden, rippling hair, "my own Inez,

these things must be said. If there is a sorrow to come, it is better to be prepared."

"But I don't want any sorrow to come," said Bessie, "and I can't bear it. If any sorrow comes, I'm sure I shall die."

Bernal Mordaunt sighed. The thought of her loving and tender nature was too much for him. She was so profound and absorbed in her affection. How could this slender young girl, whose whole nature seemed made up of tenderness, who lived only to love or be loved, bear the rude shock of affliction, of bereavement?

"My sweet child," said he, in a tremulous voice, "Heaven knows how gladly I would do any thing to save you from sorrow—how gladly I would put myself between you and every possible evil. But such things cannot be, and there are none so pure and so innocent but that they must bear their share of the ills of our common humanity. If I am to leave you, and if my loss gives you such sorrow, I might almost regret, for your sake, Inez dearest, that I ever came home, and called forth so much love from you, only to wring your tender heart; yet, for my own sake, I cannot but rejoice that I have found you and known you, and felt your tender love before I go."

At this Bessie bowed herself down and hid her face in her hands. Her form trembled violently, and gave signs of deep emotion.

Bernal Mordaunt was himself overcome by the sight of this, and therefore changed the conversation to something else.

A few days afterward, however, he returned to the point, and this time he did not dwell so much upon that mournful theme which proved so painful to Bessie.

"You see, my dearest Inez," said he, after some preliminary explanations, "how my heart is set upon this. I really suffer from the thought that your only protector and guardian is a feeble old man. Now, if any thing should happen to me, what would become of you?"

"But nothing shall happen to you, papa dearest; and if any thing should, why—why—I—I—don't—don't want any thing to become of me at all. I want to lie down and die, so I do, and there you have it."

"I know well your devoted love, my own darling daughter," said Bernal Mordaunt, fondly, yet sadly, "but I am now speaking about my own feelings. I may be utterly in the wrong about myself and my health, as you say I am; yet still I feel this way. Now, my own child, you always think of my wishes and make them your law. Do you think that you would grant a request of mine which lies very near my heart?"

Bessie looked up with childish innocence.

"What is it, papa dear?" she asked.

"It is this, my child: I wish to see you with some protector—less frail and feeble than I am. I might nominate a guardian, but I know of none. Poor Wyverne is gone. None of my acquaintances here are congenial except one; and it is this one under whose guardianship I should like to see you before I—before I grow any worse."

"Who is he papa, dear?" asked Bessie, in the most unsuspicious manner.

"Our dear friend Gwyn."

"Gwyn!" exclaimed Bessie, "my guardian!" She looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes my dearest Inez. He shall be your guardian, the kind of guardian which his love for you and your feelings toward him would make most fitting. In short, the highest desire of my life is to see you his wife before I grow worse."

At this Bessie buried her face in her hands, bowed down, and said not a word.

"You are betrothed, why should you wait? Why not grant an old man's wish when it lies so near his heart? This is my strongest desire, Inez darling. You will not refuse it when I ask it so earnestly. And it is all for your own sake. Can you decide now?"

"Oh, papa! dear, dear papa! I do so wish that you would get this absurd idea out of your head."

"It's my wish, dearest Inez," said Mordaunt, earnestly.

"Oh, papa dear, how you do put things! You know how eager I always am to do even the slightest little thing that you want me to, but this is like asking me to desert you, and how can I possibly do that? No, papa—my own papa—I know that poor dear Gwyn is awfully fond of me, and I like him too, and I have told him so; but if it comes to leaving you, papa dearest, why I won't, and I'd give him up before you, so I would, and there you have it."

Saying this, Bessie seized Mordaunt's hands, and, hiding her face in them, she covered them with kisses. Tears stood in Mordaunt's eyes; the devotion of this daughter was wonderful. His father's heart yearned over her with inexpressible tenderness; and yet out of that very tenderness he still was firm in his resolve to exert all his power to bring the marriage about. It was for her sake. Should he die, the marriage would be postponed for a long time, and during such a postponement it might be prevented altogether by some casualty.

All this he pointed out to Bessie, and, together with this, he brought forward other persuasives, but urged most of all his own wish, which, whether reasonable or unreasonable, was so set upon this that a disappointment would grieve him sorely. One by one Bessie's objections and scruples, and they were many, were argued away or set aside, and at last she had no other resource than to assent. Yet, even then, she made a most express stipulation that her marriage with Sir Gwyn should make no difference in their mode of life—that they should still live at Mordaunt Manor, and that she should be his nurse and his attendant as before. To these things Mordaunt consented, and Sir Gwyn was only too glad to win Bessie under any circumstances.

Having thus gained Bessie's consent, Mordaunt was urgent in pressing her to arrange it at an early date. His own health now declined even more rapidly, and this made him all the more impatient. Sir Gwyn, also, who saw Mordaunt's impatience, united his own ardent entreaties, and Bessie was unable to refuse.

The marriage thus took place about a

month after Mordaunt had gained Bessie's acquiescence. Prominent among those who witnessed the ceremony was Mordaunt, who sat in a chair in the centre aisle, propped up with pillows. His strength had failed so much that he had come to this. But the effort was too much, and he was so exhausted that on his way home he fainted.

Sir Gwyn and Lady Ruthven went on a short tour through the Highlands, but were not gone more than a fortnight. Bessie's anxiety would not allow her to remain away longer. She had to fly back to her "dear, dear papa." Mordaunt seemed somewhat better, in spite of the over-exertion at the wedding. There was more strength in his frame, more color in his cheeks. When the bridal pair left, he was unable to stand alone. Now he could walk about the house, and up and down the piazzas.

Sir Gwyn was overjoyed, and Bessie expressed herself in terms of the highest delight.

Encouraging as this improvement in Mordaunt was, however, it proved but temporary; and Bessie had scarce resumed her former fond attendance upon her "dearest, darling papa," when the strength that had begun to return, once more began to leave him. This created the deepest dejection in him. He had begun to hope. All hope seemed now to be gone.

Lady Ruthven received the congratulatory visits of the country people, who found her in her new dignity more charming than ever. But the universal popularity which she had gained in no way changed the simplicity of her character and manner. There was no affectation, nor was there any attempt to lay aside the little peculiarities which had always formed at once her distinction and no little of her charm.

Nor did the new social duties which now devolved upon her draw Lady Ruthven away from those duties to which Bessie had been so devoted. Mordaunt saw, with new tenderness, that her promise to him had not been a vain one; and that the husband had not eclipsed the father. To Mordaunt she allotted more time than either to her husband or to the world. The attendant physicians thought that her unremitting care had prolonged the old man's life beyond what would have been its term under other circumstances; and society, which already admired her for her beauty and amiability, now adored her for her tender devotion and her filial piety. Gwyn, also, in winning the daughter, had not forgotten the father; but, as the lover had been, so was the husband, and he found the society of his wife none the less pleasant in Mordaunt's chamber than elsewhere.

But Mordaunt's days were numbered. This was evident. He knew it himself. Gwyn knew it. Bessie tried to reject the belief, but it could be seen that she dreaded the worst. There was about her, at times, a hurried nervousness, a dreamy abstraction, a fearful, furtive glance, unlike any thing that had ever before been seen in her by her friends. Gwyn noticed this, and urged her in his loving way to take more rest, but Bessie turned it off with a smile and a sigh.

Mordaunt's days were numbered. Since the return of the newly-married pair, his strength began to fail him, and he descended by ever-accelerated degrees down toward the last verge of life. But, with each succeeding stage of weakness, Bessie's care grew more and more unremitting. At length she had to deny herself to all visitors, and confine herself to Mordaunt's chamber.

As the old man descended deeper and deeper into the dark waters of death, his heart still turned with yearning affection and inexpressible gratitude to this bright young being whose love had so glorified the last days of his life. He had come home, as he now saw, to die; but how sweet it was to descend to death in such society; to feel her soft touch, to hear her voice of love, her low-breathed tones of tender affection, all the way! To the worn-out man death that came in this way could scarce be deemed unwelcome. Could any death be better or brighter?

It was Bessie who thus cheered his last hours. She read to him when he wished it. She sung to him the hymns or the chants which he loved—hymns and chants which she had already learned for his sake. He loved to listen to her voice as she thus sung, clasping her hand the while as though he gathered strength from her. She also, as always before, poured out all his draughts, and administered to him all his medicines. This was a privilege which she had claimed from the first, and the old man expected it; and, during her absence on the bridal tour, he missed this tender attention, even though his health had been better without it.

So the days passed, and Bessie showed her tender and solicitous love.

Thus the last hour drew near.

For a whole day he had been at the verge of dissolution. Bessie had refused to leave his bedside. She sat there, holding his hand, and wiping the cold dew of death from his brow. In that same room was Gwyn, watching the dying face of Mordaunt; watching also the pale face of his devoted wife, who in her deep love for a father thought nothing of herself. He was afraid of the reaction from all this; yet he did not know what to do. Bessie refused to leave the room till all was over; and he knew not what arguments to bring forward at such a time. The family physician was also there, counting the moments that might elapse till all should be over, and looking with unfeigned emotion upon the scene before him, where the daughter clung so to the dying father, as though she would drag him back from death unto life.

Suddenly the dying man opened his eyes, and fixed them on Bessie. His lips moved. She bent down low to listen.

"Inez," said he.

"Yes, papa dearest," said Bessie.

Mordaunt stared at her.

"You are not Inez!" said he, in a voice which was audible to all in the room.

Bessie shook her head mournfully, and looked at her husband.

"His mind is wandering still, poor papa! He is thinking of poor, dear, darling mamma, as he is. Her name was Inez, too, the same as mine."

Mordaunt's eyes closed.

After about an hour he opened them once more, and again they rested on Bessie. Those who looked at his face now saw that the last great change had come over it. Death-struck was that face now, yet the eyes were full of intelligence, and beamed with inexpressible tenderness as they rested on Bessie.

"Inez—dearest—best—daughter!" he said.

Bessie bent down low over him.

"Kiss—me—Inez!"

Bessie pressed her lips to his cold forehead.

Such were the last words of Bernal Mordaunt. He was buried in a manner worthy of the great house of which he was the last representative.

Lady Ruthven was greatly prostrated by this last blow, yet she rallied from it with unexpected rapidity. But the melancholy event that had just occurred made Mordaunt Manor distasteful to her now; and so she yielded to her husband's earnest solicitations, and went with him to take up her permanent abode at Ruthven Towers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ATLANTA.

NO city in the South has greater claims upon public attention, at the present time, than Atlanta, the capital of Georgia, the "Empire State" of the South. Its recent origin, its steady progress as a commercial and railroad centre up to the inauguration of the War of Secession, its prominence as a strategic point during that struggle, the sanguinary battles fought around it, the memorable siege to which it was subjected by the Federal troops under Sherman, its subsequent destruction by that general, and the wonderful rapidity with which the ruined city arose from its ashes on the cessation of hostilities, are features that have made Atlanta one of the leading objects of interest to the whole country, and given it a conspicuous position in the current history of the South.

Thirty-odd years ago the site of the city was selected by the engineers of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, or "State Road," as it is called, as its southern terminus. In 1843 the place was incorporated by the name of Marthasville, in compliment to a daughter of Governor Lumpkin, of Georgia. In 1847 it was reincorporated, under the name of Atlanta. This name is not a corruption of that of the fleet-footed mythological goddess Atalanta, as is popularly supposed, but is the feminine of Atlantic, to designate the relationship the embryo city was presumed to have acquired with the Atlantic Ocean, by means of the railroad running to the coast in the direction of Savannah. Its *sobriquet*, the "Gate City," of which Atlanta is justly proud, originated about the same time, and finds its source in a similar metaphorical relationship, viz., as being the commercial gate of the country, opening its iron door westward to receive the treasures of the Mississippi Valley, and eastward to send those treasures to its spouse, the ocean.

Even in 1847 the new Atlanta was simply

a dreary collection of cabins, inhabited by "squatter sovereigns," with the proverbial characteristics of cross-road existence—a dilapidated tavern, a blacksmith-shop, two or three grogeries, and a "store," with its stereotype assortment of notions, from mill-stones and ploughshares down to hooks-and-eyes and fishing-tackle.

Marvellous tales are told of this antique period in the history of the present "New York of the South," concerning acres upon acres of land, near the heart of the city, selling for fifty cents per acre, but which now are worth a snug little fortune. Such was Atlanta less than three decades ago.

When the civil war began, Atlanta had already made its mark as a business-centre, its population was about eighteen thousand; its railroads and business-houses were flourishing; many elegant stores and private residences attracted the attention of travellers, and an air of general solid progress characterized the place.

Owing to its eligible location, great railroad capabilities, and its importance as a general distributing point for material of war, Atlanta, from the first, became a valuable link in the chain of Confederate plans for national independence.

The value of Atlanta, in a military point of view, did not escape the attention of the Government at Washington. The advance of the Federal armies from Chattanooga in this direction, the series of memorable conflicts between the opposing armies along the route of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, terminating with the siege and reduction of Atlanta, the heroism displayed by the combatants on either side, the strategy of Sherman and Johnston, and all the events of this gigantic campaign, are facts of history too recent to require more than a passing notice.

The hills and valleys around Atlanta are thickly strewn with the dust of brave men, and on every side sad mementos of the fearful struggle can be seen, which even the rapid growth of Southern vegetation has failed to efface entirely.

Atlanta, like Vicksburg, passed through the ordeal of a close and protracted siege, suffering severely, both in the loss of human life and the destruction of buildings, by the sharp fire of General Sherman's batteries.

General Hood, who assumed command of the Confederate forces upon the deposition of General Joseph E. Johnston, was completely outgeneralled by the superior tactics of General Sherman. The battle of Jonesboro was the turning-point in the fate of Atlanta. Hood, believing that Sherman was merely making a feint upon his flank, in order to divert his attention from the real point of attack (Atlanta), retained the greater portion of Stewart's corps inside of the fortifications, under his own immediate command, and allowed Hardee, with a weak force, in spite of the latter's remonstrances, to be overpowered at and near Jonesboro by the entire Federal army, ending in the total rout of the Confederates, and the hasty evacuation of Atlanta.

Those who were present during the harrowing scenes which followed the sudden collapse of the Confederate fortunes at this point,

and witnesses of the violence, plundering, rioting, and general destruction of munitions of war, and heretofore anxiously hoarded quartermaster and commissary stores, that ensued upon the evacuation of the doomed city, will never forget the scene—a fitting prelude to the still gloomier drama to be enacted soon after in the almost total destruction of the city by fire, by order of General Sherman, on the resumption of his famous "march to the sea."

During the occupancy of Atlanta by the Union troops, and under a special armistice, about seven thousand of the inhabitants were allowed to leave, with their household effects, and pass within the Confederate lines. This mournful exodus reduced the remaining population to about ten thousand.

At the close of the war many of the absentees returned, to find their former homes charred masses of ruin. Even in the summer of 1865 the scene of general destruction exhibited but little trace of the glorious germ of beauty and power slumbering beneath the ashes, awaiting the magic touch of enterprise and industry to call it forth, and clothe the waste with more than pristine loveliness.

In 1866 the population amounted to twenty thousand, one-fourth of this number, as stated by a local authority, being widows. The value of real estate in the same year was about seven million dollars. The amount of goods sold for the same period was four million five hundred thousand dollars, and the place contained about two hundred and fifty stores of various description. Statistics for the present year show that Atlanta now possesses nearly five hundred stores, many of them equal to any in the country in point of extent and elegance of structure, and about one thousand licensed firms. The assessed total value of real estate is nearly thirteen million dollars, and the sales of merchandise for the past year amounted to about twenty-five million dollars. The population of the city to-day is fully thirty thousand.

Notwithstanding the large number of stores and private dwellings always in process of erection, the demand for them is greater than the supply; rents are high in consequence, and the real-estate business one of the most flourishing branches of Atlanta's commercial life.

In 1868 Milledgeville ceased to be the capital of Georgia, and all the offices and appurtenances of the State government were removed to Atlanta, much to the chagrin of the ancient political metropolis, but greatly to the advantage of the ambitious "Gate City."

Among the great lines of railway centering there, are the Western and Atlantic; the Georgia; the Macon and Western; the Atlanta and West Point; and the Atlanta and Richmond Air-Line roads; connected with these are a large number of important tributary lines. By means of these, Atlanta is in direct communication with the chief cities and marts of the republic, and has become the trade and travel centre of a vast and productive territory. A number of other roads are projected, or in process of construction, which cannot fail to become of unlimited value to the city in future. Notable

among the best of these are the Atlanta and Tennessee, and the Georgia Western.

The general plan of the city is in the form of a circle, having a diameter of about three miles. The new Union Passenger Depot is conceded to be the centre of the present incorporated area. Atlanta, however, is developing itself in such hot haste that its real boundary-lines are quite vague; several pretty villages adjacent have recently become substantially a part of the city.

Strangers are impressed with the freshness, airiness, sprightliness, and "modern improvements" tone pervading the city. The smell of fresh paint and new shingles; the fumes of moist mortar; the music of hammer, trowel, and saw; the clatter of hurrying drays and ponderous brick and lumber wagons; the active crowds of artisans, busy as bees in the exercise of their vocations; the clang and whirl of machinery, and the incessant accompaniment of locomotive whistles, form an accordant whole palpably indicative of the wide-awake spirit of the people, which gives to Atlanta all the general aspects of a flourishing Northern or Western city.

The most palpable defect of Atlanta is the way in which the streets are laid off. With few exceptions they are very narrow, crooked, and badly constructed, and in the majority of cases without pavements. Another peculiarity is, that they begin nowhere and end anywhere. The houses are not numbered; and, when a stranger has the temerity to leave any of the main thoroughfares in quest of a house in a distant quarter of the city, he finds himself engaged in a task as complicated as was Japhet's in search of a father. If a tall building or steeple is pointed out to him as a beacon to steer by, he will find his tortuous navigation toward it extended to the distance of half a mile, when it is really distant but three hundred yards on an air-line. Exceptions to this general rule are Marietta and Broad Streets, which are spacious, handsome, and tolerably straight.

Another serious defect is the want of a general system for lighting the streets, in consequence of which Atlanta is often enveloped in the gloom of Erebus, the few gas-lamps actually in existence on the main streets only serving to make darkness visible.

Whitehall Street, metaphorically the Broadway of Atlanta, is in reality one of the narrowest, and presents during the day an agreeable spectacle. It is the grand promenade of the city, and is full of life, gay colors, handsome equipages, vehicles of every kind, and sight-seeing crowds. It has attractive stores, and displays innumerable sign-boards, transparencies, and fantastically ornamented awnings. The chief millinery, dress-making, confectionery, and jewelry establishments are compressed within its narrow space.

Atlanta is peculiarly fortunate in its geographical position, near the heart of the Southern States. Its salubrious climate, and proximity to the inexhaustible coal and mineral fields of Upper Georgia, North Alabama, and East Tennessee, and its unsurpassed facilities for supplying the necessities of the more southern and Gulf-coast regions,

render it an attractive point for speculators and ambitious immigrants; and *workers* in every department of human industry here find a remunerative and ever-broadening field of labor.

Atlanta lies nearly eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is picturesquely built upon hilly ground, which gives variety to the view, and furnishes an excellent system of natural drainage. Good building-sites are abundant, and from many parts of the business and private streets the pedestrian may catch glimpses of sylvan beauty, and rare reaches of romantic mountain-scenery beyond the environs.

Eastward towers Stone Mountain, from whose summit an extensive view can be had, second only to that of the famous Look-out Mountain, at Chattanooga. Stone Mountain is a favorite resort for picnic-parties, and can be reached in forty minutes by rail. To the northward and westward rise the distant peaks of the Blue Ridge: prominent on the one hand is Lost Mountain, and on the other, closer still, rise the rocky masses of Kennesaw, wrapped in its peculiar robe of royal purple, the historic scene of sanguinary struggles between the armies of Sherman and Johnston during the civil war. At the foot of this mountain nestles Marietta, a pretty and formerly favorite summer resort of the Atlantans. It is also the site of an extensive national cemetery. In the city cemetery of Atlanta, a large and beautiful necropolis, repose the bones of thousands of Confederates, who have been decently interred by the ladies of Atlanta, who also propose to erect a suitable monument to their memory.

The country around Atlanta is a rolling table-land, well adapted to tillage, and free from malaria. The water in and around the city is pure and plentiful. The municipal authorities, with commendable energy, have determined to erect extensive water-works, the plans and surveys of which have already been submitted. Owing to its natural attractions, and chiefly on account of the equability of its temperature, and freedom from malarious influences, Atlanta is rapidly becoming prominent as a popular summer resort for citizens from the low country, as well as invalids from the Northern and Western sections of our Union.

Its accessibility, mild climate, fine mineral springs, hotel accommodations, and social attractions, point out Atlanta as peculiarly adapted for the recuperation of health or the gratification of the demands of pleasure-seekers. The famous Atlanta mineral-spring waters, according to chemical analysis, abound in qualities for the cure of dyspepsia, general debility, constipation, chronic diarrhoea, and malarious diseases. Cool and bracing winds temper the heat of summer, and frequent showers refresh the earth. September, the most unwholesome month in Southern latitudes, in this region is dry and devoid of malarious exhalations. For consumptives from the North this latitude is preferable to the moist, swampy coast-regions of the Atlantic and the Gulf. The mortuary report for the month of February of this year—its most trying period—gives evidence of the general health of the city. The total in-

terments for that period were forty-seven—eighteen whites and twenty-five colored; still-born, four.

The social condition of Atlanta compares favorably with that of other American cities of similar size. The general thriftiness and industry of its people impart a cheerful, healthy tone to every phase of its society. A catholic spirit prevails. Social ostracism or persecution for opinion's sake is almost unknown—a fact that stands out in bold relief against the cloudy social horizon still visible in other sections of our country. The police force is efficient, and the municipal authorities administer the affairs of the city faithfully.

Atlanta boasts of many substantial public buildings and charming private residences. In point of church accommodation it challenges comparison with the foremost cities of the Union. Some of the twenty-eight church-edifices which it contains are models of taste and architectural elegance. Seven of the churches belong to colored congregations, and are flourishing. The aggregate church-membership of the city is five thousand, and the Sunday-school membership as many more. The Methodist Episcopal Church (South) has seven churches in the city and suburbs; the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), one; the Baptist denomination has four; Congregationalists, one; Presbyterian, two; Episcopalian, two; Christian, or Campbellite, one; Roman Catholic, one. The seven colored churches are divided: Methodist, three; Baptist, three; Presbyterian, one.

Benevolent societies are numerous and prosperous. They are, the Ladies' Relief Society, the Ladies' Memorial Association, three Hebrew Aid and Benevolent Societies, the Atlanta Bible Society, and others. The Masonic Order has eight and the Odd-Fellows four large lodges. The Good Templars have also a half-dozen flourishing lodges. The Concordia (dramatic) and the Young Men's Library Association, with its membership of five hundred, and well-stocked rooms, cater to the literary wants of the people, and wield a most excellent influence.

A system of public schools, upon the Northern model, is about to be inaugurated, and meets with the active support of the citizens. The leading educational institutions of the city are, Oglethorpe University, the University of the South (colored), Atlanta Literary Female Institute, and Atlanta High School, all numerously attended. The Atlanta Medical College, instituted in 1855, the Atlanta Academy of Medicine, and the Fulton County Medical Society, are thriving exponents of medical science. The Orphans' Free School, opened in 1869, is a noble charity, chiefly sustained by the profits of the Georgia State Lottery. With periodical publications, Atlanta is profusely supplied. There are fourteen altogether, of which four are daily and weekly journals, six weekly, three monthly, and one annual.

De Giv's Opera-house is the only prominent place of public amusement. A drive to "West End," where are situated the McPherson Barracks, containing a garrison of five hundred United States troops, and a still finer one to Oglethorpe Park, two miles from

the centre of the city, are main attractions to citizens and strangers. Oglethorpe Park is a very popular resort. Its area is about fifty acres, diversified with groves, an artificial lake, walks, etc. It also contains costly and extensive buildings, used by the Georgia State Agricultural Society for its annual exhibitions.

The State Capitol is an imposing building, originally designed for an opera-house, but recently purchased by the State for half a million dollars, and converted into legislative halls and government offices. The structure is five stories in height, with Mansard roof, and a lofty cupola, frequently visited by strangers on account of the fine view of Atlanta and its vicinity obtainable from this point. The new Union Passenger Depot is an elegant and very extensive edifice, three hundred and fifty-two feet in length by one hundred and twenty in breadth, constructed of iron and brick, with a galvanized iron roof, supported by forty wrought-iron pillars, and graced by towers covered with variegated slate. The cost of the building, when completed, will be one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The City Hall is a massive structure, beautifully located, and many extensive and highly-finished business-blocks proclaim the wealth and commercial enterprise of the city.

The H. I. Kimball House is considered the finest and most elaborately appointed hotel in the Southern States. It is one of the "lions" of Atlanta, and owes its origin to the public spirit of one of its best-known citizens, whose name it bears. The hotel is six stories in height, crowned with an elegant cupola; has a frontage of two hundred and ten by one hundred and sixty-three feet on three streets; three hundred and seventeen rooms; a dining-hall, seating comfortably over two hundred guests, and cost, inclusive of furniture, six hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

As one of the "signs of the times," deeply significant to philanthropists and lovers of progress in general, it is appropriate to close this article with an extract from the official report of the Board of Visitors to the Atlanta University (colored), for the session ending June 28, 1871. Professor E. A. Hare is president of the university. The report opens with the statement that the Atlanta University was incorporated in the year 1867, and has now been in active operation about two years. Designed to afford opportunity for thorough education to members of a race only recently elevated to citizenship, and much of its prescribed curriculum of studies being of a higher grade than that of other institutions in the South, whose doors are opened to pupils of color, it is, in our section of the country, a novel enterprise, concerning the success and usefulness of which much interest is felt all over the Union.

The Board of Visitors express themselves in the most eulogistic terms concerning the curriculum, the order, large attendance, and general excellence of the new university, and say:

"At every step of the examination we were impressed with the fallacy of the popular idea (which, in common with thousands

of others, a majority of the undersigned have heretofore entertained) that the members of the African race are not capable of a high grade of intellectual culture. The rigid tests to which the classes in algebra and geometry, and in Latin and Greek, were subjected, unequivocally demonstrated that, under judicious training and with persevering study, there are many members of the African race who can attain a high grade of intellectual culture. They proved that they can master intricate problems in mathematics, and fully comprehend the construction of difficult passages in the classics."

The Board of Visitors comprise some of the most influential and intelligent citizens of Atlanta. At the head of the official signatures appears the name of ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown, and late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia.

Atlanta, in every respect, is destined to be, under continued wise government, the leading inland city of the rejuvenated South; rich in all the essentials of commercial greatness, and fairly entitled to wield, in the future, the sceptre of a metropolis.

CHARLES W. HUDNER.

THE COUNCIL OF THE KAISERS.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

[The following article was written just before the late conference of the emperors at Berlin, but we have thought it worthy of translation and publication, as a specimen of French feeling expressed by one of the most influential of the present generation of French authors.—ED. JOURNAL.]

THE only fact known at present is that, early in September, the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Austria are going to visit the hypocritical and sanguinary old brigand in Berlin, who extorted from us five thousand millions, half of Lorraine, and all of Alsace. Some of the details of this grand affair are still under discussion. Will the czar-wich, the heir presumptive of Alexander II., accompany his august father, despite the wishes of the so-called old Russian party, of which he is the nominal and his uncle Constantine the real head?

Is it true that Russia and Austria have taken the trouble to reassure M. Thiers, and affirm that their sovereigns will be our advocates? We will not deny it *a priori*, but we are not sufficiently naïve to allow ourselves to become intoxicated with imperial promises. Instead of occupying ourselves with hypotheses, let us inquire into the signification of incontestable facts.

William, Emperor of Germany, vanquisher of France, the ally of Italy, the terror of Europe, and the representative of Pangermanism, entices into his den the ill-starred Joseph, whom he duped in Denmark, crushed in Bohemia, and expelled from the German Confederation after Sadowa. Is this invitation a proof of friendship—a sign of repentance? Who can believe it? In Vienna, as well as in Berlin, the boys seven years old know that the Emperor William has determined to annex, *per fas et nefas*, all such portions of *terra firma* as he thinks it would be desirable to have, and—can get.

This noble ambition, which believes that the Krupp cannon and needle-gun will attain its ends, is no longer a secret for any one, and, however simple we may suppose the provisional sovereign of Austria to be, we cannot doubt that he is conscious of the destiny he is fast approaching. He should not, he cannot forget, in the *douceurs* of an official embrace, the treachery and the crimes of a dynasty capable of any thing. If he goes to Berlin, it will be because he does not feel sufficiently strong to spurn the feline advances of those who, sooner or later, will devour him; or does he, perhaps, indulge the hope that he can delay his doom by momentarily turning the attention of the general enemy to other victims?

The fact is that Austria, by undertaking the campaign of Schleswig-Holstein, on joint account with Prussia, staved off the conflict of Sadowa for two or three years. A similar expedition, undertaken at their common expense, against Holland, might in like manner adjourn the triumphal entry of the Prussians into Vienna, and the gain of a few years under present circumstances is a consideration. Perhaps, indeed, the great Bismarck, who offered Belgium to Napoleon III., who disposes so generously of what belongs to others, will promise to Francis Joseph a liberal return for what he robs him of in ousting him from his German possessions.

In exchange for the seven or eight millions of Germans, Bismarck is the man to give him ten millions of Slavonians, the two or three additional millions being thrown in to make a round number. And poor Francis Joseph, who is rapidly dwindling down to a simple Hungarian and Slavonic king, may make the best he can of an arrangement that will result in pushing him, little by little, to the extreme east of Europe. It is certain that the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs would not find it necessary to break a lance in order to settle the question of the Orient, if Austria lent a helping hand to Bismarck in completing the great work of Pangermanism, and if William, absolute master of all those who speak German, aided the Hapsburgs in extending their dominion to the mouths of the Danube.

But there is Russia that, for a century and a half, has nursed a scheme of Panslavism, and long since awarded to herself all the territory that Austria could annex aided by Prussia. Russia has eyes to see and ears to hear: she is ignorant neither of the desires of Prussia, nor of the compensation the astute Bismarck would doubtless offer to Austria. She feels herself directly threatened by Pangermanism, which has a covetous eye on her provinces on the Baltic; indirectly, by the Austro-Prussian alliance, which would create a Hungro-Slavonic state, to her detriment. This is why the czar, invited or not, has decided to go to Berlin, and assist at this imperial council.

The czar is also a great prince. He can, if need be, put one or two millions of well-armed, well-disciplined, and devoted men into the field. If he would require more time for preparation than Prussia, he would not require so much as Austria, and he has for al-

lies not only the Americans, but all the European nations who have any thing to avenge, or could preserve themselves against Teutonic ambition. He will not allow a question of so much importance as that of the Orient to be discussed without being himself present. If he allowed Prussia to have her own way in the terrible war of 1870, he was not actuated simply by *esprit de famille*; if Alexander is a respectful nephew, he makes his conditions.

The revision of the Treaty of 1856 was the price of this kindly neutrality of which we were the victims. Alexander yielded to his uncle William Lorraine and Alsace, and received in exchange the Black Sea. Both did the generous with what belonged to some one else.

So considerable an advantage could only embolden Russia, and she, doubtless, was preparing to make the most of it, when she was advised of the projected Austro-Prussian interview.

She said to herself: "One of two things: either Austria and Prussia will enter into a special alliance, having for its object the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, in the interest of Austria; or they will unite in an endeavor to check my progress in the southwest. It is very necessary, therefore, that I should make my influence felt in this august conclave."

What will be done at Berlin? He would be an egotistic fool who would pretend to tell in advance. But we cannot help feeling deeply for poor Francis Joseph, who will find himself menaced on one side by Pangermanism, and on the other by Panslavism. All his states, except Hungary, are either Slavonic or German.

If Prussia and Russia should come to an understanding to take what they covet in this direction, his majesty the Emperor of the Austrian Empire would wake up some fine morning to find himself King of Hungary and nothing more.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire, if it be left undisturbed and free to persevere in the good work of internal reform, which it has been prompted by its recent disasters to inaugurate, will be an honest and wise moderator in European affairs. Under the energetic and prudent direction of a veritable statesman like Andrassy, Austria, if allowed to pursue her own bent, will think only of moral conquests, and will be a useful opponent of war and rapine.

Then the empire, which for centuries was the rampart of Europe against the Turks, would become the rampart of the Turks against the ambitious schemes of Europe. But states are not always the architects of their own destinies, and such is the case with this empire in 1872. Threatened with the defection of its German subjects on the one hand, menaced by Russian Panslavism on the other, interested in preserving the integrity of the Ottoman territory, and tempted to seek compensation for losses that seem near and inevitable, the government of Vienna and Pesth, capable as it undoubtedly is, inspires but little confidence at home or abroad. Its chief reliance is in its ten mil-

ions of Hungarians, intelligent, energetic, and brave; the only friendship it can safely count on in an emergency is that of Turkey.

The Turks, whose power was the terror of Europe, before their weakness was a source of constant solicitude, are at last giving the world some evidence that they are worthy of a national existence. A new minister, animated by the spirit of the great Reschid, has inaugurated a series of reforms, political, economic, and judicial. The most liberal ideas of modern civilization have acceded to power with Midhat Pacha.

But is it not too late? Will the rapid march of events allow the fruit of these reforms time to ripen? It is doubtful!

No candid mind can deny that this is an epoch in which neither justice nor reason shapes the destinies of Europe. Both have been dethroned by the sabre—the merciless, brainless sabre!

Tranquillity, for a time at least, is at the mercy of a few persons, who are as unscrupulous as they are ambitious, because the two powers that represent moral order are under a cloud.

Whatever machinations the Berlin conclave may give birth to, the world will soon witness the deplorable spectacle of the ignominious suicide of England, and the swooning of France exhausted by a horde of blood-suckers.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

I.

THE busy day is over,
The household work is done;
The cares that fret the morning
Have faded with the sun:
And, in the tender twilight,
I sit in happy rest,
With my darling little baby
Asleep upon my breast.

II.

White lids, with silken fringes,
Shut out the waning light;
A little hand, close folded,
Holds mamma's fingers tight:
And in their soft, white wrappings,
At last in perfect rest,
Two dainty feet are cuddled
Like birdies in a nest.

III.

All hopes and loves unworthy
Depart at this sweet hour;
All pure and noble longings
Renew their holy power:
For Christ, who, in the Virgin
Our motherhood has blest,
Is near to every woman
With a baby on her breast.

Mrs. M. F. BUTTS.



AN OLD MILL IN THE HOUSATONIC VALLEY.

DRAWN BY FREDERICK L. VANCE.

THE ROYAL TOUCH FOR THE KING'S-EVIL.

"THE mortalest enemy unto knowledge, and that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth," says quaint Sir Thomas Browne, "hath been a peremptory adhesion unto authority, and more especially the establishing of our belief upon the dictates of antiquity."

It may seem to the casual reader a matter for surprise that the author of these brave words failed to include among his "Vulgar and Common Errors" a superstition so prevalent in his time as the belief in the royal gift of healing; and particularly so because the subject belonged to his own profession of medicine, in which he had attained such eminence as to win the recognition of his sovereign. Men trained to the healing art are not prone to superstition. From daily contact with mortality they learn to despise the supernatural, and to weigh all phenomena in the scale of reason. Sir Thomas Browne was no exception to the rule. He was in advance of his age; a leader of thought rather than a disciple of any school of thought. Yet there is good evidence to prove that, so far as belief in some of the chief superstitions of his time is concerned, he was himself a victim of that "enemy unto knowledge," a "peremptory adhesion unto authority," which he so deprecates. Nor should we judge him harshly for such belief. Although mankind in the aggregate is as credulous to-day, probably, as it was two or three centuries ago, men of the same relative intellectual grade as Sir Thomas Browne are now freer in thought and less trammelled by precedent than in his day. He graced an age when science was in its infancy, comparatively, and too often went coupled with credulity. The brightest intellects of the time paid tribute to superstition. Men eminent in learning devoted their talents to alchemy and astrology, squandering time and money in the quest of the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, or in vain attempts to lift the veil of the future. Sir Matthew Hale, England's great jurist, was a believer in the existence of witches, and sent women to the gallows for the exhibition of idiosyncrasies that would scarcely insure them a reception in a modern asylum. Sir Kenelm Digby, fellow-professional of Sir Thomas Browne (both believed in witchcraft), had some peculiar notions of medical practice which would put to the blush a nineteenth-century quack. He had faith in the efficacy of certain preparations of dew for the cure of "all manias," and was confident that a fever-and-ague patient would find infallible relief by tying the chip-pings of his finger-nails in a bag about the neck of a live eel and putting it into a tub of water; but it was certain death to the eel, he gravely informs us. It would be unfair to the good knight's reputation if we did not add that Sir Kenelm was not insensible to the virtues of "quinquina," which he claims to have been the first to bring into notice in England.

With such evidences of the condition of science two centuries ago, we cannot consist-

ently judge Sir Thomas Browne by the light of modern culture; nor ought we to express surprise, when we consider that scarcely any one in his time escaped the contagion of superstition, because he gave his adhesion to what appears to our vision an unwarrantable delusion.

Faith in the efficacy of the royal touch for the cure of strumous humors seems to have been almost universal up to the beginning of the last century. Sovereigns fostered the belief, and the learned generally as well; the ignorant accepted it without investigation. It was practised by nearly all the English kings up to the time of George I., who wisely discountenanced it, and finally abolished it in 1714. The superstition reached its culmination in the reign of Charles II., when, in the space of fourteen years, more than ninety-two thousand persons sought relief from the touch of the royal hand; and, if we may believe Dr. Wiseman, the king's physician, they were nearly all cured! In 1686, James II. advertised in the *London Gazette* his intention of touching the afflicted, as follows: "His Majesty is graciously pleased to appoint to heal, weekly, for the evil, upon Friday; and hath commanded his physicians and chirurgeons to attend at the office appointed for that purpose in the Meuse, upon Thursdays, in the afternoon, to give out tickets." Queen Anne announced her gracious pleasure to perform the miracle, through the same channel, March 12, 1712, and, on the 30th of the same month, publicly touched two hundred persons.

The reader of Boswell will remember that the mother of Dr. Samuel Johnson took advantage of this opportunity to present her afflicted son for the sovereign's touch. The doctor himself records this fact in his autobiographical account, as follows: "1711-12. This year in Lent, —12, I was taken to London, to be touched for the evil by Queen Anne. I always retained some memory of this journey, though I was then but thirty months old." Boswell adds that Mrs. Johnson acted by the advice of "the celebrated Sir John Floyer, then a physician in Lichfield," and that the touch was "without any effect."

Although nothing could be more flattering to royal vanity than a popular delusion endowing the sovereign with supernatural powers, the practice of the healing gift must have been sometimes exceedingly disagreeable. Fuller, in his "Church History," says that Queen Elizabeth, during one of her progresses in Gloucestershire, became so tired touching those who desired to be cured, that she told the afflicted who were pressing on her that God only could relieve them from their complaints. James I. announced, by proclamation, that patients would not be permitted to approach the royal presence during the summer; and Charles I. ordered that no one should apply to be healed who did not bring a proper certificate that he or she had never been touched before. This certificate was obtained from medical officers specially appointed for this purpose, whose duty it was to make personal examination of all presenting themselves for relief, and to keep a record of cases submitted to the royal touch. This was rendered necessary as a measure of protection for the sovereign, so

great were the throngs that besieged the presence.

The fact that a piece of gold was given to each patient at the close of the ceremony, has been adduced, by some disloyal caviller, as proof that sordid Mammon, rather than Hygeia, was the divinity worshipped by these royal "interviewers;" and, as impostors were not unfrequently found in the crowds of annual sufferers, the theory is not without some foundation. Barrington, in his "Observations on Ancient Statutes," tells of an old man who claimed to have been touched by Queen Anne. On being asked if he was really cured, he replied, with a significant smile, that he believed himself never to have had a complaint that deserved to be considered as the evil, but that his parents were poor, and had no objection to the bit of gold." The legitimate coin to be presented was the gold angel, worth, in Queen Elizabeth's time, about ten shillings; but specimens of healing-pieces of other denominations are preserved in the British Museum. In some instances, but not often, silver is known to have been used. The coin, which was attached to a string or ribbon, and hung about the patient's neck, seems to have contributed much to the permanent efficacy of the touch, for it was necessary to wear it during life. Monecony, the French traveller, relates that, when he was in England, Sir Kenelm Digby told him that if the person cured lost the piece of gold, the complaint returned at once. The reader will readily believe that Sir Kenelm would not have made such a statement unless he had thoroughly satisfied himself of the fact.

Fabian Phillips says that the gold angels issued on these occasions by the kings of England amounted to an annual charge of three thousand pounds per annum.

The evil and the method of its cure by the royal touch are well described in *Macbeth*, Act iv., scene 8:

Malcolm. Comes the king forth,
I pray you?
Doctor. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched
souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.]

Macduff. What's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'Tis called the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayer: and, 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction.

Shakespeare refers here to Edward the Confessor, the scene of the latter part of the fourth act of "*Macbeth*" being laid in England, in the king's palace.

The ceremonies attending the royal exercise of the gift of healing were solemn and impressive. The patient was introduced into the presence by a bishop or a priest, by whom an introductory prayer was said. At its conclusion, the king laid his hands upon the afflicted one, with these words: "I touch,

but God healeth;" after which he hung the gold angel about his neck. The "Lord's prayer" was then said, and a prayer in behalf of the diseased person finished the "cure." Aubrey thinks that the king was not present at the prayers.

Gemelli, the Italian traveller, was in Paris, on Easter Sunday, when sixteen hundred persons were presented to be touched by Louis XIV. He says the words used were: "*Le roy te touche, Dieu te guerisse.*" Each Frenchman was given fifteen sous after being touched, but each foreigner received thirty sous. Even this small sum seems to have attracted impostors, for Gemelli relates that the king said to some of the supposed patients: "Are you sick, too?" evidently implying that he doubted them. Butler affirms that the French kings performed the cure only on days when they had received the holy communion; and Philip de Comines says they always confessed beforehand. Mezeray records that St. Louis added to the ceremonial the sign of the cross, but other authorities ascribe it to Louis I.

The English historians generally assert that Edward, the last of the Saxon royal line of England, was the first to practise the gift. The sole authority for this statement is William of Malmesbury, who wrote in the first half of the twelfth century, he having been born about 1095, thirty years after the death of King Edward. As his account is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the known records of the healing, we give the entire passage, rendered freely from the monkish Latin of the period. After treating of other matters pertaining to Edward's reign, the author begins abruptly:

"But now I will speak of his miracles. A young woman having married a man of nearly her own age, but having no issue of the union, the humors gathering about her neck, she had contracted a foul disorder, the glands swelling horribly. Warned in a dream to have the afflicted parts washed by the king, she went into the palace, and the king, himself fulfilling the pious work, touched the woman's neck with his fingers dipped in water; good health followed his healing hand, the deadly skin opened, so that, worms flowing out with the corrupt matter, all the noxious swelling subsided. As the opening of the ulcers was large and unsightly, he ordered her to be supported at the royal expense until she should be fully recovered; but, before a week had elapsed, a fair skin returned, covering the scars so that nothing of the former disease could be discerned; and, after a year, having borne twins, she increased the admiration of Edward's sanctity. Those who knew him more intimately relate that he healed this disease often in Normandy. Whence certain ones in our time arrive at a false conclusion, who assert that the cure of this malady does not proceed from personal sanctity, but from inheritance in the royal line."

There is little doubt that the Confessor, as Edward was styled after his canonization, really practised the so-called gift; but it is a singular fact that neither Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntington, nor any other of the chroniclers contemporary with William of Malmesbury, makes any mention of it. Later

historians who refer to it cite Malmesbury as authority. From this the inference is clear that, although Edward may have been the first of English kings to practise it, it was not a thing so unheard of as to excite wonder, or to be regarded generally as a miracle. Otherwise it would have been noticed by other chroniclers, to say nothing of the religious writers of the age, who are alike silent regarding it. William of Malmesbury's statement shows that, even in his time, but a half century after Edward's decease, there were those who claimed that the gift was a royal inheritance, and not a direct result of the Confessor's peculiar sanctity of person. This claim would scarcely have been raised without some foundation. The probability is, that the king learned the art in France, where his youth was passed (his mother was a Norman princess); for there seems to be little doubt that the French monarchs practised the gift from remote times.

Andreas du Laurens, physician to Henry IV. of France, gathered much curious information relating to the evil and its cure. He refuses to acknowledge the claims of King Edward, and contends that the power belonged originally to the kings of France alone; that it was hereditary with them, and that such foreign princes only who were directly descended from the Gallic royal line received the gift. That this was the general belief is evident from the fact that, when Francis I. was a prisoner in Madrid, great numbers flocked to him to be cured, the Spaniards having no faith in the efficacy of their own king's touch. Du Laurens asserts that it was first exercised by Clovis I., whose reign began A. D. 481. Pettigrew says that there is a manuscript in the Sloane Collection in the British Museum (he does not give the date), which affirms that "God gave Clovis (A. D. 496) the gift of curing the king's-evil, and he proved it on Lancier, or Lanclet, his favorite." Other records assert that Louis I. (814-840) originally received the power from divine sources. Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," says: "The origin of this custom in France is ascribed to the learned and pious King Robert, or, at least, to some of the first kings of the third race." He refers to Robert II., surnamed the Wise, whose reign began in 996, and terminated in 1002. These accounts, which rest on as good authority as the statement of William of Malmesbury, all refer to times anterior to the reign of Edward the Confessor.

Phillip I. (1060-1108) is said to have been deprived of the gift on account of the irregularity of his life.

According to Carte, the English historian, who was himself a believer, some of the French writers ascribe the gift of healing to the devotion of their monarchs to the relics of St. Marculf, preserved in the church of Corbigny, in Champagne, where the French kings were wont to make a pilgrimage immediately after their coronation at Rheims. Carte also says that this saint was held in veneration in England, and that a room in the palace of Westminster was called, in honor of him, the chamber of St. Marculf. He conjectures that this was the place where the English kings used to touch for the evil; but

it does not appear that any particular room or building was set apart exclusively for the purpose. Pepys saw Charles II. touch both in the Banquet House and in the King's Chapel.

Heylin says the kings of France used to receive the "gift of healing the king's-evil with nothing but a touch, in the church of St. Maclou, in St. Denys, after a fast of nine days, and other penances."

But with what sovereign, in what manner, or in what place, the superstition had its birth, is of little consequence. Perhaps some one of the early Frankish monarchs first made known his heaven-derived powers to his people; perhaps fawning courtiers won favor and rank by discovering saintly attributes in their master; perhaps the recognition of his virtues was spontaneous.

The pious credulity of the early ages saw a miracle in every thing above its comprehension. Men who lived a holy life not unfrequently won the credit of possessing gifts once the exclusive property of the immediate followers of Christ. From the cell of the recluse to the palace was but a step, for the divinity that hedges a king was then a matter of faith, and nothing was deemed impossible to anointed sovereignty. The possession of such a gift added immensely to the royal prestige. To resign it would be to resign power; so what was in the beginning a concomitant, or rather a result, of personal sanctity soon grew into a prerogative of royalty, to be handed down from generation to generation.

JOHN D. CHAMTLIN, JR.

SONG.

I.

COOL wind, sweet wind, blowing off the sea,
Have you brought from Adelaide the kiss she sent to me?
Adelaide's a little maid, fair as summer skies,
With all the dew and all the blue of April in her eyes.
Red her lips like strawberries, or cherries cleft in two—
But never fruit from any root such heavenly sweetness drew.
I who stole a kiss from them not very long ago—
Cool wind, sweet wind, oughtn't I to know!

II.

Cool wind, sweet wind, flutter far away!
I would rather hear the gale that sweeps across the bay;
Rather greet snow and sleet, and sullen wintry rain,
Than all the bloom and perfume that follow in your train.
When the winds of winter blow over land and sea,
Adelaide, the little maid, she will marry me—
Merrily the marriage-bells will sound across the bay:
Cool wind, sweet wind, flutter far away!

MARY BRADLEY.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR,
THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE RACES.

NEXT day was Tuesday, the first day of the races, and, according to the description of the newspapers, "the royal meeting" began under the "most favorable auspices." The weather was glorious—a bright, hot sun tempered with a refreshing breeze.

Of course Lady Charity and Amicia had a box. It is ten guineas cheaply spent; and from that box they were able not only to see the races themselves, but to let their friends see them. The first thing that the party from Heath Lodge saw, as they were crossing the dusty road to the entrance to the race-course, was the Pennyroyal party, plodding along through a cloud of dust and a string of carriages, for the Grand Stand, in which every eligible seat had been long since seized and occupied.

"Haven't you got a box?" asked Lady Charity of Lady Pennyroyal; but before the question could be answered Lord Pennyroyal struck in:

"No, we have not. I really cannot afford it. It is bad enough to take a house at a ruinous rate, without having to take a box besides. I like to be free to move about."

"If Lady Pennyroyal and the rest of the ladies would come into our box at once I should be so glad," said Lady Charity.

Dear thing, she was determined to ask them, in spite of the black looks of Amicia.

Lady Pennyroyal looked at her husband, who said at once:

"Oh, if Lady Pennyroyal wishes it I have no objection. I dare say Marjoram and I will be quite happy walking about on the green."

"What do you say, Mrs. Marjoram?" said Lady Pennyroyal.

"I will go where Mr. Marjoram goes."

So it was settled that Lady Pennyroyal and Florry and Alice should go at once to the "Charity box," as Amicia called it, while the earl and the Marjorams walked about, and tried their luck in the Grand Stand.

"Remember luncheon at three o'clock," said Lady Pennyroyal, and they parted.

We are sorry that this is not to be an elaborate history of the Ascot Meeting of 1870. We can only briefly say, therefore, that the racing began with the Trial Stakes, in which what the sporting-men call "a speedy miler," Sir Joseph Hawley's Rosicrucian, and Captain Macbell's Jack-in-the-Box, and fifteen others, were very cleverly beaten by Green Ribbon, a horse unbacked by his owner, and considered a "roarer," but who for all that won in splendid style. So far as the party in the Charity box were concerned, that race was chiefly interesting because on it Edward Vernon lost a dozen pairs of gloves to Alice Carlton, while Harry Fortescue, when challenged both by Florry Carlton and Amicia, resolutely refused to bet at all.

"What a big horse!" said Edward Vernon when he saw Mr. Merry's Perth win the next race

"I should think he was, and I have just backed him for his size," said a well-known voice behind him, and when Edward turned round he saw Mr. Beeswing, and behind him Count Pantouffles, who was engaged in a series of elaborate bows to all the ladies. Count Pantouffles would no more have omitted bowing separately to every lady than a man-of-war would neglect to salute the port-admiral on coming into harbor.

"Very hot day and very fine weather," said Count Pantouffles to Amicia. "And the train, *mon Dieu*, it was asphyxiating!"

"I dare say," said Amicia, to whom every new-comer was a cause for anxiety, as she felt she was so much the farther removed from that *titte-à-tite* which she longed to have with Harry.

The next race was to be the Hunt Cup, and, as only two "animals" competed for it, the ladies voted it a bore; besides, they were getting hungry, and longed for luncheon.

"How shall we get to Ouzelmere?" said Lady Pennyroyal. It was a quarter of a mile under a broiling sun, but Lord Pennyroyal would not have his horses out—they were too tired, he said.

"That is easily settled," said the thoughtful Lady Charity. "My carriage is ordered outside at half-past two. It is now a quarter to three, and it will take us and Mrs. Marjoram, if we can find her. The men may walk."

So they left the box and found the carriage patiently waiting outside, but they could not find Mrs. Marjoram, and so they were forced to go without her, and drove off.

Count Pantouffles looked very much, in his patent-leather boots, as though he would have liked to have a lift, but he did not get it, and had to tramp along the road with the rest. Edward and Mr. Beeswing were in high spirits, Harry as dull as ditch-water, and Count Pantouffles as lively as usual. As they trudged along the road, and were just going to cut across the heathy bit on the left as a short-cut to Ouzelmere, Edward turned round, at the risk of being turned into a pillar of sand, which the wind blew into his eyes and over his raiment.

"Holloa!" he said, "hold hard; here come Lord Pennyroyal and the Marjorams in chase."

So they halted till the chasers came up, the men grimy with dust, and Mrs. Marjoram "hot, dusty, and diliquescent," as the curate's wife immortalized by Sydney Smith.

"I'm so glad you turned back, Mr. Vernon," said Lord Pennyroyal; "we knew you by your backs and Count Pantouffles's fine figure"—here the count bowed—"but we should never have overtaken you if you had not stopped."

"I am not going to walk along this road," said Edward. "Here is a short cut across the heath to Ouzelmere, and I am going to take French leave of the lord of the manor."

If Lord Pennyroyal could have had his way he would have protested against this trespass, and of the irreverent way in which Edward Vernon spoke of manorial rights—for was he not lord of at least a hundred manors?—but, as all followed Edward's example in climbing up the bank and getting on

to the heath, Mrs. Marjoram being tenderly helped up by her husband, Lord Pennyroyal would have been left alone to protest on the dusty road, so he put his remonstrance in his pocket and climbed up the bank too.

"How charming it is here!" said Edward, as they followed him across the heath through the self-sown fir-trees. "See, yonder below us are the Ouzelmere chimney-tops. Come along, we shall soon be there."

So he strode along, and the rest followed as they could.

In a few minutes they had crossed the heath and came into the Ouzelmere plantations, where, through the Wellingtonias and Deodaras and cypresses, they reached the house.

So there were the greater portion of the High-Beech party assembled at Ascot. Alice and Edward as acknowledged lovers—for these secrets soon ooze out among women—and Florry and Amicia as rivals for the love of Harry Fortescue.

We need not dwell on that race-luncheon. It was as most race-repasts—a kind of Pass-over eaten in haste, the men with their sticks and the women with their parasols in their hands.

"We must make haste back," said Amicia, "or we shall miss so many of the races."

Sly thing! All she wanted was not to leave Florry and Harry alone for a minute.

Back therefore they went, with their meal, not in their sacks, but in their throats. On this occasion Mrs. Marjoram was squeezed into the open carriage, which, fortunately, was a big one, and the gentlemen plodded back across the dry heath and dusty road. Harry and Edward were still faithful to the box, but Count Pantouffles went off on a bowing expedition with Mr. Beeswing.

When they got back to the box, the ladies found they had only lost one race, the Queen's Gold Vase, which only brought two competitors to the post. Formosa, winner of the Leger in 1868, and Siderolite, said by his friends to be the best cup-horse in England. The mare had been made the favorite, but Siderolite beat her easily, in spite of Fordham's resolute riding, which some one told Mr. Beeswing was a sight to see. This friend was one of that consoling class who always try to make out, if you miss any thing, that you have lost the sight of the day.

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," said Mr. Beeswing. "I dare say we shall see some good racing in the Prince of Wales's Stakes."

"I don't think you will," said his friend, who turned away to find some one else to make uncomfortable.

But, for all that, the Prince's Stakes did produce a very good race, and, moreover, it was a great surprise. King o' Scots, one of the sturdy King Tom's children, won easily by two lengths. He was out of the betting, and thirty to one might have been had against him; but he rushed to the front at once with the lead, and kept it to the end.

"I never saw such a hollow thing," said Mr. Beeswing, who had found his way into the Charity box again. "I wish I had put on him here some of the money I lost on him in the Two Thousand Guineas."

At this, Amicia, who had been really looking at the race, turned round to see if Harry Fortescue was all right, but he was gone. He had left the box without making any sign.

"Where's Mr. Fortescue?" asked Amicia, and then her eyes sought for Florry, for she was afraid that Harry might have gone out to take a turn with her rival on the "Green" or in the "Enclosure;" but there sat Florry between Alice and Edward Vernon. To her, Harry's sudden departure was just as much a surprise as to Amicia.

"Oh," said Mr. Beeswing, "I can tell you something about him. Just as I came in, I met your servant, Lady Charity, and he begged me to give Mr. Fortescue a telegram which had just come for him. I gave it to Harry, and then turned my attention to the race. I suppose he has gone out to answer it."

"It is very odd," said Amicia. "I do trust he will soon come back."

So they sat in the box and saw the rest of the races run; but what cared Florry Carlton or Amicia Sweetapple? The racing, good or bad, was nothing to them without Harry Fortescue, and Harry never came back. At last, just as the last race was being run, a railway porter put his head into the box, and said, loud enough for every one in it to hear: "Is Mr. Vernon here?"

"Here I am," said Edward. "What do you want?"

"There's a gentleman just gone up to town by the train as begged me to give you this and ask you for 'alf a crown."

"Here it is," said Edward, tossing the coin to the man, who vanished; and, as he did so, Edward whispered to Alice:

"It is from Harry. Shall I open it?"

"Of course," cried Florry, who had overheard the whisper. "What's the use of a note if it is not to be opened?"

So Edward Vernon opened it and read:

"DEAR NED: I am obliged to go back to town on business. I can't tell when I shall be back. Make my apologies to the ladies.

"Yours ever,
"H. F."

The eyes of all were turned on Edward as he read the note.

"Is Mr. Fortescue ill?" said Amicia, anxiously.

"Please tell me what is in the note," said Florry, in the same tone.

"Do read it out, Edward," said Alice.

"I think I may read it out," said Edward, "without any breach of confidence."

Then he read it out, and the faces of two of his listeners, at least, were clouded as he read.

"Gone to town on business!" cried Florry, who got her breath first.

"Gone to town on business!" echoed Amicia. "What business has he to go to town, or rather, what business has he to take him to town?"

But gone Harry Fortescue was. Of that there could be no sort of doubt; and, in the face of that fact, it was useless to conjecture why he went.

CHAPTER LVIII.

WHY HARRY FORTESCUE WENT TO TOWN.

THE telegram which Mr. Beeswing put into Harry's hand was from Mrs. Nicholson. It was short, and ran thus:

"Mrs. Price died last night. Miss Edith will be up this evening. Please come to town."

That was all, but it was more than enough. Harry Fortescue felt that he must fly back to help Edith, though she had rejected him only a few days before.

"Come what will," he said, "I must go back to arrange about the funeral. What can the poor girl do by herself, and without a friend in the world?"

He ran to the station, therefore, without waiting for his portmanteau, and luckily caught a train in the very act of starting. Just about the time that the ladies were discussing his sudden departure, he was on his way to town in one of the special race-trains.

You will wonder, perhaps, how it was that Mrs. Nicholson discovered where Harry Fortescue was, but that is easily explained. He had been so annoyed by the trouble that Edith had to find his address on a former occasion, that he made Mrs. Boffin a speech before he went to Ascot—such a speech, that worthy woman said, as she had never heard from any of her gentlemen—and told her, if any one came to ask his address, to let them have it without any fuss. When, therefore, Mrs. Nicholson called on Mrs. Boffin, she obtained the desired intelligence at once.

Harry Fortescue went first to Mrs. Boffin, to tell her that he was come back; then he went to Mrs. Nicholson's, and saw that worthy woman.

"How is Miss Mary?" asked Harry.

"Poor thing, she be quite beaten down, and lies in her bed. Poor Mrs. Price never held up her head after Miss Edith went; but the doctor never thought the end would be so sudden."

"Have you seen about the funeral?" said Harry.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Nicholson; "leastways I have spoken to Mr. Nail, but I have done nothing; I waited for your orders."

"You must go to Mr. Nail at once," said Harry, "and have it all arranged before Miss Edith comes."

"Very good, sir," said Mrs. Nicholson; "and what shall I say to Miss Mary?"

"Tell her that I have come to help her and Miss Edith," said Harry. "Mind and say something kind to the poor thing."

"And when Miss Edith comes," said Mrs. Nicholson, "what shall I say to her?"

"Tell her the same as I said to Miss Mary," said Harry, "and also that I hope to be allowed to see her to-morrow."

And with these words Harry Fortescue turned and left the door. He walked across the park to the club, ate a solitary dinner, and when it was over he sat out on the club-balcony, gazing at the stars and thinking if Edith Price had returned. After he had sat there two hours or more, he came to himself and said:

"I must write to Edward, or the poor fellow will be running away from Alice to look after me. So he went into the writing-room and wrote as follows:

"DEAR NED: You must have wondered very much at my sudden disappearance, and so must the ladies, to whom I owe a thousand apologies. But I really could not help it. I was forced to go at a moment's warning, and besides I did not like to disturb your pleasure; I suppose I ought to say your *happiness*. The telegram which Mr. Beeswing put into my hand informed me that poor Mrs. Price was dead, and I felt at once that I must run up to town to see about the funeral. I have not yet seen Edith Price, she only returns to town to-night, but I shall see her to-morrow morning, and I will not forget to say every thing to her from you that ought to be said.

"It is very strange, and it sounds brutal, but I feel happier since I have been in town than I was either at Heath Lodge or Ouzelmere. You need not shock any of the ladies by repeating this, and of course you will keep our relations to the Prices an inviolable secret. I do not think I shall be able to come down again to Ascot, as in the next three days I shall have much to do. On Saturday I conclude you will return to town, and then we shall meet again.

"In the mean time, believe me, dear old fellow, ever yours,

"HARRY FORTESCUE."

"P. S.—Pray give my best congratulations to Alice Carlton. Though I was so dull down there, I was glad for your sake to see that it was all right."

When he had finished this letter, Harry thought it best to send it by railway parcel.

"If it goes by post, Edward won't get it till the afternoon."

So Harry Fortescue went off to the Waterloo Station with his parcel and booked it for Ascot, and then he went home to Mrs. Boffin's, and slept that night better than he had done for ten days. Was it that he looked forward to seeing Edith Price in the morning? What a strange, selfish thing love is! What a mixture of motives! Here was Harry Fortescue deeply afflicted at the blow which had fallen on Edith Price, grieving for her with all his heart, and yet rejoicing at the bottom of that very heart that her mother's death was the means of bringing her back to town that he might see her once more.

Edith Price had been very kindly received by the Blickings. They liked her very much at once—that is to say, Mr. and Mrs. Blickling liked her; and, as for the children, they were absolutely in love with her. Children are so apt to adore a new governess very much as they worship a new toy. The charm of novelty had not time to wear off, so they ran about with her in the garden, kissed her at least fifty times a day, sat one on each side of her, and called her every other moment "dear thing" and "darling." Edith Price, therefore, had every reason to be satisfied with her new position, and yet, after all, she would have given a good deal to be back in Lupus Street. She was always fretting her-

self as to how her mother was, and how Mary would manage to exist without her.

So difficult is it to be quite content under any circumstances. So it went on, and Sunday came, and Edith went to Blickling Church with the Blicklings. The weather was lovely and the trees and walks fine, but all the way to church, and all the way back, and we are sorry to say even occasionally in church, Edith Price thought of that walk to St. Barnabas with Harry Fortescue—Edward Vernon had now quite dropped into the background—and of all he had said on the way back.

"I see it all much more clearly now," she said. "But what could he see to love in a poor orphan like me?"

Edith, as she thought this, little dreamed how soon she was to be an orphan, indeed a double orphan, deprived of both her parents. And yet there the fact remained in her mind that Harry Fortescue, one of the noblest-hearted of men in her experience, and also one of the best-looking, had deliberately made her an offer of marriage, which she had refused.

"It was very cruel, but I could not help it. What else could I do?"

Was the heaven of love working in her heart, too, and had the little seed which Harry had thrown down, as it were by the wayside, sprung up and begun to show its tiny green blade above the earth?

So Edith went on all that Sunday thinking and thinking. And as she thought, Harry Fortescue became more heroic. Now that she was farther removed from him, he grew more and more noble; like a great mountain, his character showed its true proportions at a distance.

By Sunday night Edith Price had quite made up her mind that some day or other Mr. Fortescue would make some woman supremely happy as a husband, and, when she woke up on Monday morning, she said to herself:

"He took me so unawares. If he had only given me a little more time to know him better, perhaps I might not have refused him so rudely. As it was, I hurt his feelings, but I could not help it."

Then she went to her day's work; and what between prayers, and music, and geography, and history, and French, and "all the elements of a liberal education," she forgot Harry Fortescue for a season, and was quite happy with her pupils. On Monday night she went to bed glad and happy, too, but it was because she had thought a little more of Harry Fortescue, and wondered what he was doing at the races, for she knew he was going to Ascot. So she fell asleep thinking of Harry, and so she slept till six o'clock, when a maid came to her bedside and said:

"You must get up at once, miss; here is a telegram for you."

Edith took the telegram, with her eyes full of sleep, and her heart full of Harry Fortescue, if it was conscious of anything, and, when she had opened and read it mechanically, it told her:

"You must come up at once. Mrs. Price is very ill."

Oh, those cruel telegrams!—they tell us so much, and yet they say so little; bare facts

without a word of explanation. They are heart-breaking in times of grief, and tantalizing on occasions of joy. For good or bad, no one was ever satisfied with a telegram.

All that Edith could see or say was that she must go back to town at once. There was an afternoon express which she could catch. Blickling was too far for the morning fast train; there was no hurry, therefore. Mrs. Blickling, when she heard of her trouble, was as kind as a mother to her. They would send her to the station ever so many miles across country. She hoped Mrs. Price would recover, and that Miss Price would return in a day or two. Vain hope!—for, even before Mrs. Nicholson had sent that telegram, Mrs. Price was past all worldly care. She was only in her agony five minutes. To break the bad news, the good woman first sent that telegram, and then, in an hour or two, she sent another, which reached the station just before Edith arrived at it in the Blickling carriage on her way to town.

"Here is another telegram," said the station-master, "just arrived."

Edith took it with a feeling of despair, and read:

"Too late, Miss Edith. Mrs. Price is no more."

"Stand back for the London train!" called out the porters and station-master, as the express came screaming and hissing into the station, like a monster as it was.

Edith crumpled up the paper in her hand, stepped into the train, and in a moment more was on her way to London. It was past ten when she reached Lupus Street, worn out with fatigue and sorrow. Good Mrs. Nicholson met her at the door, and her first words were:

"O Miss Edith, I am so glad to see you! I knew you would come. But Mr. Fortescue has been here hours ago, and he has given all the orders that are necessary."

"Let me go up to her at once," said Edith, passing Mrs. Nicholson and flying upstairs.

"Miss Mary is in bed and asleep, poor thing!" cried Mrs. Nicholson, mistaking Edith's meaning. Her words had reference to the dead, and not to the living. It was not to her sister, but her mother, that she was flying. In a moment more, Edith Price was in her mother's room, alone with all that remained of her, bending over the wan, wasted face, and covering it with kisses and tears.

Then, after a few sad minutes, she went to Mary's room, and kissed her, and woke her up, and the sisters wept together, remembering their mother.

When Harry Fortescue woke next morning, his first thought was to fly to see Edith, and his next that he would be a fool to go so early, and that he had better stay away. "If she only came up to town so late, she will need rest, and rise late this morning. I must stay away till the afternoon."

He rose and had his breakfast, thinking all the time of Edith, and feeling sure that, after all, he would much rather be in town than at Ascot. He went, of course he went, to Lupus Street, his paragon of streets. It

was half-past nine. When Mrs. Nicholson came to the door, he said:

"Has Miss Price come?"

"Yes, she has, Mr. Fortescue. She came last night; but you can't see her yet, she's abed."

"I only wanted to know if Miss Price had come. That's quite enough," said Harry. "I'll come back in the afternoon." And with that he strode away.

At three o'clock he was at Mrs. Nicholson's door again.

"Yes, Miss Edith is up, and will be glad to see you," said Mrs. Nicholson.

With a flutter at his heart, Harry Fortescue went up-stairs, and there, in the poky back drawing-room, he saw Edith and Mary. Edith was wan and thin, he thought, but looking more lovely than ever.

"O Mr. Fortescue," said Edith, but she could get no further. She had misreckoned her strength, and burst into tears.

"It has been such a comfort to me," said Harry, "to be able to have given you any help in your great affliction."

"It was so sudden," said Edith, sobbing, and still unable to check her tears.

"I think I had better go," said Harry, who really did not know what to do or say.

"Oh, pray do not go," said Edith. "I shall be better presently."

So Harry Fortescue stayed, and talked a little to Mary till Edith recovered herself, and then they all talked seriously and sadly, and Harry seemed more like a brother to them than Edith's lover. And time passed, and when Harry looked at his watch it was half-past four. Then he rose to depart. But before he left he said:

"There is one painful thing I must say before I go. Mrs. Nicholson tells me that Mr. Nail says the funeral must be on Saturday."

"I know it already," said Edith. "It is terribly soon, but it cannot be helped."

"Then it is fixed for Saturday morning," said Harry, and he left the sisters.

We have said his behavior was more like that of a brother than a lover during that sad interview, and this was perfectly natural and right. It must be a very brutal lover who would dare to make love to a girl over the unburied body of her mother. We do not say that lovers have never done it, but then lovers are sometimes such fools, and they have the excuse of the widow of Ephesus, who made love over the unburied body of her husband; but then widows are not girls, and their example ought not to be quoted against them. At any rate, Harry Fortescue had too much good taste and feeling to breathe one word of love to Edith that afternoon, and Edith quite understood it, and was very grateful to him for it. But there is a way of making love without words—by stealth as it were; and Edith Price that evening felt that Harry Fortescue was more in love with her than ever.

"It is all over now, of course," she said; "and I have refused him; but I feel in my heart that he is in love with me, and that when I refused him I refused a noble heart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TABLE-TALK.

THE advent of Mario upon our shores recalls a lyrical career as memorable and as crowded with triumphs and ovations as those of Catalani and Malibran. Mario has been for two generations the prince of the world's tenors, the chief planet in the operatic firmament. How singular a contrast is that between the dawn and the twilight of his life! It is a rare and romantic event to see a person of noble birth behind the foot-lights. Unlike most opera-singers, Mario has gentle blood in his veins, and came into the world the heir to an ancient name and title. There is still standing, on the side of one of those lovely hills which envelop Florence in a circle of luxuriant foliage, a noble palace, the Villa Salviati, a mediæval Tuscan castle, replete with historic memories, and overlooking the fair city which was the home of Angelo and Dante. Here Mario whilom dispensed a lordly hospitality, and thither used to flock the crowd of artists, actors, dramatists, and poets, whom the genial tenor-noble made his friends. Curious, it is said, was the aspect of the villa, with its old Florentine pillars, terraces, and courts; its walls were weather-stained, the verdant foliage mantled thick its castellated towers; within, the heaviest of furniture, collected from every corner of Europe, filled the rooms in methodless confusion; rare Venetian glasses and airy statuettes, antique bronzes and quaintly-carved pipes, water-color sketches of Mario's own delicate limning, a rare collection of opera-glasses, and the gorgeous gifts of kings, met the eye at every turn; and, in the great saloon, you came upon a noble portrait of the beautiful Gris, Mario's beloved wife, faithful partner in song, and steadfast friend, till death did them part. One day a bustling crowd invaded those adorned and historic halls, and all was sold under the auctioneer's hammer; for Mario, careless in his business habits, had fallen into debt, and saw the splendors of his Tuscan villa vanish into the hands of clamoring creditors. The veteran tenor comes to us gray and worn, after a life of singular success and misfortune, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. In his youth, he at first essayed the profession which Europeans look upon as the peculiar sphere of noble birth, that of a soldier; and became an officer in the army of his native Sardinia in 1830. Eight years later he was attracted to the lyric stage, and appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience. His high descent, his rare and striking personal beauty—an attraction which he yet retains—the impassioned zeal of his acting, the singular sweetness and sympathetic tones of his voice, won for him an immediate triumph. The next year he appeared at Covent Garden (London was then, as now, the most profitable as well as the most critical of operatic arenas), his *debut-rôle* being

Gennaro in "Lucrezia Borgia;" and the colder English confirmed the verdict of the volatile French. The Londoners pronounced him "the young Romeo of the Italian stage," and every flattering testimony of public homage poured in upon him. But Mario might never have become the prince of lyric history had he not met a rival worthy of his steel. Rubini burst upon London and electrified it, and for a moment Mario was forgotten. It was said of Rubini that he had "tears in his voice." Mario's ambition was stirred, and he wrestled with his great competitor. Finally, appearing as Ernesto, in "Don Pasquale," he carried the operatic world by storm with the exquisite serenade now so familiar to those who listen to the music of the drawing-room. His "O Summer Night" banished the "winter of his discontent," and Rubini was fairly and finally distanced in the race. For more than twenty years Mario maintained his ascendancy; and, at fifty-five, was still the most charming of operatic lovers and the most magnetic of tenors. Then came a moment of gloom, for, on appearing in Paris, in the spring of 1863, his long-used voice gave a false note, which was unpardonable, and he was hissed off the stage. But compensation was soon to follow; for, when he came upon the boards of Covent Garden, in June of that year, he received an ovation which emperors might have envied. Few who heard Mario when, with the peerless Grial, he made his memorable operatic tour in the United States many years ago, will forget the musical feast which this famous pair set before them; and, were it only for the pleasure then afforded, our gray-haired Italian guest should receive a warm welcome now.

— At the late meeting of the American Association, at Dubuque, Professor G. C. Swallow read a paper entitled "Good Wine a Social and a National Blessing," which elicited much discussion and comment. Its author, who announced himself an original Maine-law man, said that the means thus far used for the suppression of intemperance have signally failed, at least in America, to effect the desired object. Temperance societies, religious bodies, and State governments, have proved inadequate to cope with the evil which affects the human race more seriously than all other ills combined. The professor, who appears to have discarded, in a measure, the Maine-law doctrine, averred that it is a well-settled principle that man will have some kind of stimulant. Taking for granted this premise, he argued that it is the duty of science to provide some innocuous means for satisfying the cravings of appetite, and of thus checking the growth of the evil to which such appetite so often leads. He believes that good grape-wine, if made plentiful and cheap, would give all the requirements of the needed stimulant, and not create the irresistible longing for more which is characteristic of strong liquors. His opinion is founded on

the alleged fact that there are scarcely any drunkards in the wine-producing regions, where people drink wine with their food as freely as we do tea or coffee. "Give us what good wine we need," says the professor, "and the temperance crusade will be wellnigh ended when the present race of drunkards have passed away." Of course, sentiments so radical met with a considerable opposition from the temperance men, who believed that the solution of the problem lies in total abstinence alone, and who hold that wine-drinking leads to spirit-drinking, and do not credit the statement that drunkards are rare where wine is plentiful and cheap. If our new temperance reformer is to be native wine, however, it must be a better and purer article than that which is now generally produced by our grape-growers. In a few instances wines that will compare favorably with foreign brands have been made in our country, but the most of them are vastly inferior. Still, there is no reason why, with experience, we should not compete with Europe in wine-production, both in quantity and quality. We have the climate and the soil necessary, and at least a dozen varieties of good grapes. If our scientists take up the subject in earnest, and make a thorough investigation into the manufacture as now conducted at our different vineyards, much good will result, and it may end in giving us a palatable and healthful wine that will help to realize some of Professor Swallow's hopes.

— One of the many troubles which beset the editor of a magazine is the carelessness of contributors about properly marking their manuscripts and accurately describing them in their letters. We get every day dozens of letters and dozens of manuscripts. One-half of the letters run thus: "Sir—I send to you to-day, by mail, a manuscript, which I hope you will read," etc. Now, if the writers of these letters would only have the sense to add after the word "manuscript" the title of the same, there would be no trouble. The article could be identified with difficulty. But, in the course of a day or two, the mail arrives with a dozen articles all without the names of the authors, and without any clew whatever to their origin. Sometimes, by a comparison of handwritings, we can tell what manuscript is referred to by the writer of a particular letter. But this method is often uncertain and always troublesome. The right way—the only proper way—is for contributors to write their addresses on their manuscripts, and in their letters to give the titles of the articles. To one of our contributors, a personal friend, who once wrote to us from Washington inquiring what had become of his manuscript, without giving its name, we replied that when we found it we should send it to the care of a common friend in Washington, on whom he might call for it. We got a letter in hot haste by the next mail, inquiring for our

friend's name, and wondering why we had not given it. We replied that we should send the friend's name when we got the name of the manuscript, and added that it would be easier for him to find one of our common friends in Washington than for us to find in our office a manuscript of which we did not know the title.

— Foreigners should visit New England in the autumn, when the fruits are ripe, and the agricultural fairs are being held. The agricultural fair is to the Yankee what the harvest-home is to the Briton, and the vineyard festival is to the Breton and the Burgundian. What an epitome of farm-life, social as well as industrial, it is! The living products to be seen in the fair-grounds, in staid "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" suits, and in gay colors and Dolly Vardens, are as well worth the inspection of the "intelligent foreigner"—in which category the denizens of our own city may be included—as the big pumpkins and model pies, odd complexities of late inventions and economizers of manual labor, the handiwork of the ancient dames, and the last results of scientific grafting. The general fair for New England has been most successful this year, and occupied a week at Lowell which was a perpetual gala; the scene on the grounds in the mild autumn afternoons was as cheery and pretty a one as the world could present, the competition for prizes brisk, and the generally prosperous condition of the Yankee farmers made self-evident by the fine results displayed in every department of agricultural enterprise.

— A Boston contemporary spoke recently of "New York's overweening self-conceit." The editor, no doubt, thought he had good authority for this accusation; probably he discovered our vanity in the way we have defended and rejoiced in the Tammany Ring, in the persistence with which we brag of our well-swept streets, in the pride we express in our splendid wharves and docks, in the zeal with which we defend our street-cars, in the satisfaction we feel in our system of cabs and hacks, in the approbation we give to our pure and unimpeachable judiciary, in the honest pleasure we experience in the wisdom of our city rulers, in the admiration with which we point to our statues, our art-galleries, and our public buildings. In all these things New York displays a vainglory and conceit which possibly deserves the censure of the judicious, and, of course, no place in the world can with so much consistency administer the rebuke as Boston.

which he contributed to the number for August 3d of your JOURNAL. He supposes the English patronymic Nelson to be derived, quite against all general rules, from the mother's name. But this is not so. If we go to the nation from whose language nearly half the English words have sprung—to the Scandinavians—we find just this name as a very common patronymic under two forms, spelled a little differently. The Swedes write it Nilsson (*vide* the renowned Christina Nilsson), and the Danes and Norwegians Nielsen. The Christian name, Nils, or Niels, which has given rise to this surname, is nothing but an abbreviation of Nicholas. Thus the English Nelson really means nothing but the son of Nicholas, and is synonymous with Nicholson or Nichols.

I might point out many other English patronymics that cannot be explained but through the Scandinavian dialects, but will only mention one. The family name of Sir Henry Havelock is derived from the old Scandinavian word *hafloki*, and means a sea-robber, a pirate—a very common occupation, as everybody knows, for the uninvited guests from the northern shores, who, for several hundred years, paid a great many rather unwelcome visits to the country of the Angles.

Accept my compliments and my sincere thanks for your JOURNAL, undoubtedly the best publication of its kind in the United States, and of which I for a good while have been a steady subscriber.

F. BÖGGLD.

Scientific Notes.

NO one who reads the inaugural address delivered by Dr. Carpenter before the British Association, lately assembled at Brighton, can fail of the conviction that at length the leaders of scientific thought in England have become impressed with the absolute need of greater discipline and unity among their followers, coupled with a broader charity and deference for the opinions of their opponents, among whom may be numbered many who, though weak, it may be, in technical and experimental knowledge, are yet strong in the possession of a sound common-sense, an element which the learned doctor regards of supreme value, being often at the foundation of many of our surest judgments. It is not our intention to follow the speaker through his long and able argument, the main purpose of which is to convince the over-zealous theorist that the measure of his success is dependent, not alone upon the number and variety of the facts at his command, but also upon the mental powers and capacity with which these facts are organized, grouped, and applied. In a word, that it is as essential that the *mental processes* which precede the final judgment be sound, as that the facts upon which they are founded be well chosen and irrefutable. After a brief introduction, in which the memory of Murchison was honored, the "pluck" of Stanley rather grudgingly commended, and the generous coöperation of the government, in the furtherance of scientific research, recognized and acknowledged, the speaker introduced his main subject, and defined his position as follows:

"It has been customary with successive occupants of this chair, distinguished as leaders in their several divisions of the noble army of science, to open the proceedings of the meetings, over which they respectively presided, with a discourse on some aspect of Nature in relation to man. But I am not aware that any one of them has taken up the other side of the inquiry—that which concerns man as the 'in-

terpreter of Nature;' and I have, therefore, thought it not inappropriate to lead you to the consideration of the mental processes by which are formed those fundamental conceptions of matter and force, of cause and effect, of law and order, which furnish the basis of all scientific reasoning, and constitute the '*Philosophia Prima*' of Bacon. There is a great deal of what I cannot but regard as fallacious and misleading philosophy—'oppositions of science falsely so called'—abroad in the world at the present time. And I hope to satisfy you that those who set up *their own conceptions* of the orderly sequence which they discern in the phenomena of Nature, as fixed and determinate laws, by which those phenomena not only *are* within all human experience, but always *have been*, and always *must be*, invariably governed, are really guilty of the intellectual arrogance they condemn in the systems of the ancients, and place themselves in diametrical antagonism to those real philosophers, by whose comprehensive grasp and penetrating insight that order has been so far disclosed."

The *italics* are the speaker's, and those familiar with the voluminous productions of these over-zealous theorists will appreciate their aptness and force. There can be no doubt but that the violent and oftentimes ill-advised opposition with which every new theory of science has to contend may be largely credited to the positive and arrogant manner in which they are proclaimed and defended. Although often exposing himself to the charge of recklessly confounding fact with theory, the self-confident theorist does not hesitate to demand for his conclusions as hearty an acceptance as may be justly due to the facts upon which they claim to be based. As contrasted with this undue haste which demands that what is often little else than a vague hypothesis be elevated to the dignity of a law, and as a worthy example to those who, in their eagerness to become the acknowledged founders of a system, build often upon the veriest sand, the speaker referred, with eloquence and force, to the lives and labors of Newton and Kepler. Of the latter he asks:

"For what love of the truth, as it is in Nature, was ever more conspicuous than that which Kepler displayed in his abandonment of each of the ingenious conceptions of the planetary system which his fertile imagination had successively devised, so soon as it proved to be inconsistent with the facts disclosed by observation? In that almost admiring description of the way in which his enemy Mars, 'whom he had left at home as a despised captive,' had 'burst all the chains of the equations, and broke forth from the prisons of the tables,' who does not recognize the justice of Schiller's definition of the real philosopher, as one who always loves truth better than his system? . . . And when a yet greater than Kepler was bringing to its final issue that grandest of all scientific conceptions, long pondered over by his almost superhuman intellect—which linked together the heavens and the earth, the planets and the sun, the primaries and their satellites, and included even the vagrant comets, in the *new* of a universal attraction—establishing for all time the truth for whose utterance Galileo had been condemned, and giving to Kepler's laws a significance of which their author had never dreamed—what was the meaning of that agitation which prevented the philosopher from completing his computation, and compelled him to hand it over to his friend? That it was not the thought of his own greatness, but the glimpse of the grand universal order thus revealed to his mental vision, which shook the serene and massive soul of Newton to its foundations, we have the proof in that beautiful comparison in which he likened himself to a child picking up shells on the shore of the vast ocean of truth—a comparison which will be evidence to all time at once of his true philosophy with his profound humility."

Having thus defined his position, and taken his stand among the conservative workers, as opposed to the superficial or self-confident theorist, the speaker proceeds to define and il-

Correspondence.

Nomenclature.

ORFLOUSAS, L.A., September 3, 1873.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

I AM certain that Mr. William R. Hooper has committed one slight mistake in the interesting article about our "Nomenclature"

illustrate the importance and direct bearing of the so-called mental processes referred to in his opening sentence as affecting our interpretation of natural phenomena. After demonstrating how that, to the poet and painter, "Nature is what he finds or sees in her," he draws a parallel which, if recognized as just, establishes an alliance between "the intellectual representation of Nature which we call science" and "the other two principal characters under which man acts as her interpreter—namely, those of the artist and poet." It is at this point that the views of the speaker will meet with the least cordial reception, for, once accepted, and the positivist finds himself stripped of his insignia, and ranked as no better or worse than his neighbors, since the infallible fact with which he was wont to deal his most deadly blows now becomes recognized as having a character distinct from that of its fallible interpreter:

"The philosopher's interpretation of Nature seems less individual than that of the artist or the poet, because it is based on facts which any one may verify, and is elaborated by reasoning processes of which all admit the validity. He looks at the universe as a vast book lying open before him, of which he has, in the first place, to learn the characters; then to master the language; and, finally, to apprehend the ideas which that language conveys."

As the characters, language, and ideas, are immutable, the conclusion too often drawn is that "the scientific interpretation of Nature represents her, not merely as she seems, but as she really is. . . . When, however, we carefully examine the foundation of that assurance, we find reason to distrust its security; for it can be shown to be no less true of the scientific conception of Nature than it is of the artistic or the poetic, that it is a representation framed by the mind itself out of the materials supplied by the impressions which external objects make upon the senses; so that, to each man of science, Nature is what he individually believes her to be. And that belief will rest on very different bases, and will have very unequal values in different departments of science." What follows of this remarkable discourse is chiefly in the form of an argument in support of the position thus clearly defined, and we offer one or two of the more forcible passages without comment. After making the broad claim that, in a large number of cases, our scientific interpretations are clearly matters of judgment, and asserting that the surest of such judgments are those dictated by what we term common-sense, he adds:

"And I think it can be shown that the trustworthiness of this common-sense decision arises from its dependence, not on any one set of experiments, but upon our unconscious co-ordination of the whole aggregate of our experiences—not on the conclusiveness of any one train of reasoning, but on the convergence of all our lines of thought toward this one centre."

In continuation of the argument advanced in support of the claim that "the scientific conception of Nature is a representation framed by the mind itself," the speaker defined his own views regarding the character and influence of hereditary tendencies and mental traits as follows:

"Now, as there can be no doubt of the hereditary transmission in man of acquired constitutional peculiarities, which manifest themselves alike in tendencies to bodily and mental disease, so it seems equally certain that acquired mental habits often impress themselves on his organization with sufficient force and permanence to occasion their transmission to the offspring as tendencies to similar modes of thought. And thus, while all admit that knowledge cannot thus descend from one generation

to another, an increased aptitude for the acquirement, either of knowledge generally, or of some particular kind of it, may be thus inherited. These tendencies and aptitudes will acquire additional strength, expansion, and permanence, in each new generation, from their habitual exercise upon the materials supplied by a continually-enlarged experience; and thus the acquired habits produced by the intellectual culture of ages will become 'a second nature' to every one who inherits them."

Following this clear and forcible enunciation of his views, and, as a consequent to their acceptance, he states: "I think it may be shown that the intuitions of individual genius are but specially-exalted forms of endowments which are the general property of the race at the time, and which have come to be so in virtue of its whole previous culture."

Entering the domain of physical science, he offers a strong plea for the distinct and positive entity of force as opposed to motion, which may be regarded as the mere visible or tangible expression of force. In referring to the so-called natural laws, which he defines as simply our "conception of the orderly sequence observable in the phenomena of Nature," he adds:

"To set up these laws as self-acting, and as either excluding or rendering unnecessary the power which alone can give them effect, appears to me as arrogant as it is unphilosophical. To speak of any law as 'regulating' or 'governing' phenomena, is only permissible on the assumption that the law is the expression of the *modus operandi* of a governing power. I was once in a great city which for two days was in the hands of a lawless mob. Magisterial authority was suspended by timidity and doubt; the force at its command was paralyzed by want of resolute direction. The 'laws' were on the statute-book, but there was no power to enforce them. And so the powers of evil did their terrible work; and fire and rapine continued to destroy life and property without check, until new power came in, when the reign of law was restored. . . .

"Fixing its attention exclusively on the order of Nature, it has separated itself wholly from theology, whose function it is to seek after its cause. In this science is fully justified, alike by the entire independence of its objects and by the historical fact that it has been continually hampered and impeded in its search for the truth as it is in Nature by the restraints which theologians have attempted to impose upon its inquiries. But when science, passing beyond its own limits, assumes to take the place of theology, and sets up its own conception of the order of Nature as a sufficient account of its cause, it is invading a province of thought to which it has no claim, and not unreasonably provokes the hostility of those who ought to be its best friends."

At the late meeting of the American Association, held at Dubuque, Professor C. V. Riley called the attention of that body to an interesting discovery relating to the fructification of the Yuccas. Those who have read Darwin's "Fertilization of Orchids" are familiar with the delicate and sensitive contrivances through which the bee-moth and other insects are made the unconscious agents by which these wonderfully delicate and beautiful plants are fructified or rendered fertile. The insect, while in search for the sweets that lie concealed at the base of the long, tubular nectary, receives upon its head the fine seed-bearing pollinium, and this is in turn transferred to the stigma of the flower next visited, where it remains to fulfil its purpose as a seed-germ. In each of these cases, however, though there are evidences of design or adaptability, yet the act of transferring the pollen is evidently an unconscious one, being an incident merely to the main purpose, that of obtaining food; and, though the transfer is oftenest made through this agency, it does not appear that the plant

is entirely dependent upon it for fructification. The case of the Yuccas, as presented by Professor Riley, may therefore be regarded as a marked and exceptional one. The flowers of this plant are said to be so peculiarly constructed that it is impossible for the pollen to reach the stigma, save through the direct intervention and assistance of an insect specially adapted for the purpose—a condition due to the fact that the pollen is glutinous and may not thus be carried by the wind or projected against the stigma by the plant itself, as in the case of certain of the orchids. The insect, on whose presence and labors this plant is dependent for its fertilization, has received the name *Pronuba Yuccasella* and belongs to a new genus of moths. This truly wonderful little insect, we read, may be regarded as an anomaly, from the fact that the female only has the vassel joint of the maxillary palpus wonderfully modified into a long, prehensile, spined tentacle. With this tentacle she collects the pollen, and thrusts it into the stigmatic tube; and, while thus fertilizing the flower, she leaves with the flower-egg a few eggs of her own to subsequently nourish upon the seeds which her labors have rendered possible. The casual reader might be led to regard this discovery as presenting a new and difficult problem for the Darwinian philosopher to solve, for the reason that, to arrive at this point of mutual dependence through any line of mere progressive development, it is essential that both insect and plant should pass through the successive preliminary stages independently, yet with the evident purpose of finally arriving at that point where mutual dependence becomes essential to continued existence. As Professor Riley is said to have explained how, on Darwinian grounds, even this perfect adaptation was doubtless brought about by slow degrees, we shall await with interest the official report of his address.

Major T. B. Brooks, having lately concluded a series of practical tests with a view to determine the actual value of the magnetic needle as an aid in the discovery and locating of iron-ore veins, embodies the results of his observations in a paper on this subject, recently read before the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia. It is the opinion of the author that, in prospecting for iron-ore beds, the ordinary ship-compass may be made to render valuable service, since he was able to determine the presence of underlying ore-veins, and trace them to their natural "outcrops," by merely passing over the surface with the instrument in hand. That the magnetic influence of iron-bearing strata is not confined to a limited area, is evident from the fact that that of the magnetic rocks at Republic Mountain was observable at a point two thousand five hundred feet distant. Should the continued observations of Major Brooks confirm his present opinion, the fact thus established can hardly be over-estimated.

During a recent meeting of the Chemico-Agricultural Society, held at Belfast, Ireland, Dr. Hodges, a professor in Queen's College, announced the results of several analyses of Irish whiskey, made by him at the request of certain of its victims. After reading the professor's report, we are constrained to admit that the terms "benzene," "liquid fire," etc., as applied to this favorite beverage, are creditable to the instincts, if not the tastes, of the modern wine-bibber. Of the specimens of whiskey analyzed, one was presented by two men who had been "physically incapacitated" by drinking it. The principal ingredient of this liquor, as of other samples examined, proved

to be naphtha, which was flavored, colored, and spiced with sulphuric acid, sulphate of copper, cayenne pepper, etc. As naphtha is one of the most volatile and explosive of the petroleum distillates, our authorities may be able to comprehend why that barrel of whiskey exploded in a wine-cellar not long since, though the bar-tender's candle was a considerable distance from the faucet.

Miscellany.

Mount Desert.

EVERYBODY has heard of Mount Desert, that picturesque island off the coast of Maine, which combines attractions such as are seldom seen together. Nowhere else in this country is there so much variety of scenery within so small a space. The union of mountain and sea-shore is, indeed, sufficiently remarkable; but, besides this, there are features which justify the statement that Mount Desert combines the diverse natural attractions of Newport and the Catskills, Monadnock and the Isle of Shoals. The name *Mont Desert*, which was given to the island by the adventurous voyager Champlain, in 1605, illustrates the idea of its desolation suggested to his mind by the rugged peak of Bald Mountain, which first caught his view. It was not till eight years afterward that the French settlers, who in a raging storm drifted into its sheltering harbor, were led to a more favorable opinion of the island, whose attractions now lure hundreds of pleasure-seekers from more pretentious and fashionable resorts.

To reach Mount Desert from Boston, the best way is to take the cars of the Eastern Railroad, which stretches along the sea-coast to Portland, and connects, on Tuesday and Friday, with the steamer *Lewiston*, that leaves at ten p. m., and arrives at Bar Harbor at about one on the following afternoon. This sail, on a moonlight night, is delightful; and, amid the attractions of the coast, the delicious coolness of the atmosphere—so refreshing to the wayfarers from the hot city—and the pleasant company sure to be met with on the boat, there is little temptation to seek repose till the small hours have turned the scale of a bright tomorrow. It is well worth while, however, to be up betimes, in order to enjoy the picturesque scenery of Penobscot Bay, with its long line of coast fretted with jagged rocks and sandy coves; while meadows, sloping to the water's edge, smilingly greet the pleasant islets dotting its surface. Every now and then, the steamer stops at some little village or town to unload part of her freight, and it is as good as a play to see the people who throng the old brown pier with its quaint wooden buildings and picturesque craft. There is an unmistakable look of health in the sunburnt faces that gaze from under the tarpaulins of the stalwart fishermen who form such an effective part of the strength of the Pine-Tree State, and the bright eyes and pretty faces peering from beneath jaunty hats or trim bonnets confirm the proverbial stories of the attractiveness of the Maine damsels.

It is afternoon as the steamer ploughs her way through waters still traversed by the canoe of the Indian, who spears the porpoise, whose oil he sells to the pale-faces. The red-men at Bar Harbor have discarded the wigwag for the tent, do their cooking in a patent stove, and sit down on a three-ply carpet, which, though rather the worse for wear, is sufficiently soft for the hardy aborigines. Whittier has depicted the steamer smoking and raving be-

hind the scared squaw's birch canoe, but my experience with the red race in this part of the country leads me to think that the squaw has as little dread of the steamboat as the brave has of the fire-water. The truth is, that the so-called Indians whom one meets here are only half-breeds, who would excite the contempt of warriors like Red Cloud and Spotted Tail.

In approaching Mount Desert, the mountains, which form the most conspicuous features of the island, are visible miles away. There are thirteen distinct peaks, the highest of which bears on the chart of the United States Coast Survey the name of Adam's Grave, while the neighboring eminence is called Eve's Grave. These names are appropriate from the proximity of the town of Eden, though incongruous with the character and designation of the island. Whatever may be the attractions of Mount Desert, no one can claim for it those of the primeval paradise, and it was a touch of satire, which recalls Martin Chuzzlewit, that even nominally connected its stony desolation with the luxuriance of a tropical garden. It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that Adam's Grave and Eve's Grave are no longer recognized as the names of the two principal peaks at Bar Harbor, having given place to the unscriptural and commonplace ones of Green and Newport.

All the mountains on the island are remarkable for the easy, undulating grace with which they rise from the water on the west, presenting a much more beautiful appearance in this respect than the White-Mountain range, which are mostly piled one upon another in wild irregularity. The eastern sides of the mountains on the island, however, are extremely precipitous; and, while four of them descend into crystal lakes, one stretches its perpendicular wall of rock into a picturesque arm of the sea, called *Somee's Sound*.

From the summits of these eminences a view of surpassing beauty and grandeur is obtained—the whole island, with its deep valleys and sparkling sheets of water, being visible, from the lake which takes its name from the eagles that build their nests in its overhanging heights, to the creek which is called after the sleek and graceful otter; while the ocean stretches its vast expanse in one direction, and in others the eye ranges over an immense extent of territory; the horizon being bounded by lofty mountains, prominent among which is the rugged crest of Katahdin, and in favorable weather Mount Washington shows his towering summit.

Nothing in the whole prospect, however, is more picturesque than Frenchman's Bay, with the village of Bar Harbor nestling on its shore; while the Porcupine Islands that dot its surface seem like emeralds in a silver setting. These waters afford an excellent field for sailing and fishing, and its moonlight nights merry parties may be seen going to and from picnics, where the savory coffee simmers over a bright fire, and the festive doughnut disports himself among the lighter edibles that tempt the keen appetites of scramblers over rocks and hills. One of these islands, known as Bald Porcupine, is the property of General John C. Fremont. On another little speck in the distance, which rejoices in the unpoetical name of Calf Island, President Eliot, of Harvard College, and Rev. Mr. Foote, of King's Chapel, are camping with their families, as they have done for several years past. The president has a graceful yacht, and takes great pleasure in skimming the waters of the bay.

The two bold headlands which are situated three or four miles south of Bar Harbor are

favorite resorts for pleasure-parties. Schoener Head, as the one nearest to the village is called, takes its name from a shadowy outline on the cliff, which, when seen from a proper distance on the water, bears a striking resemblance to a schooner. Through a cavernous aperture in the rock, the sea rolls in, forming a spouting-horn, through which the waves dash in foamy fury in rough weather. Great Head, farther along, is an enormous mass of rock projecting into the sea, which stretches hundreds of feet below it. These cliffs, which are among the highest on the coast from Labrador to Brazil, are owned by a Philadelphia family, who are also the happy possessors of an islet in Lake Superior and a peak in the Alps.

Although a cottage in Mount Desert is hardly so airy a property as a castle in Spain, it has the substantial advantage of being deliciously cool even in the dog-days, surrounded by picturesque scenery, and in proximity to pleasant people from all parts of the country, who enjoy the freedom from conventional restraint which hampers the visitor to more fashionable resorts.—*From the correspondence of the Boston Globe.*

A Mad Bull in St. Louis.

The *St. Louis Democrat* of August 31st says:

Yesterday, at noon, a bull, a small but vigorous one, appeared in the neighborhood of Eighteenth and Riddle Streets. Whether the earth had opened her ponderous jaws to cast him forth, or he had been launched, a thunderbolt in hide and horns, from some aerial Mount Taurus, no one could say.

At first the bull trotted along, mildly inquisitive, toward Seventeenth Street, till he had arrived at No. 1,722, when, with a spasmodic twitch of his tail, he charged into the house-yard, upsetting two baby-wagons and impaling a little girl, Mena Kecker, daughter of a police-officer, on his horn. It passed through her shoulder like a bayonet, and in his mad career he bore her some thirty feet ere he shook her from him. Leaving behind this mangled little victim, he continued his mad career, snorting like an alligator, out into the alley between Carr and Biddle, and Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets. Here was playing the little boy of Mr. William Hurtman, a child of four years of age. In a moment the bull was upon him, and thrust his sharp horn into the poor child's head, penetrating through the eye into the cranial cavity. A block farther down Mrs. Starkey, residing at No. 1,610, saw him approach, and, with a mother's devotion, sprang into the roadway to save her two children. She seized them, and, with the strength of desperation, pushed them out of danger just as she felt the hot breath and saw the red and fiery eye of the approaching brute. She was knocked down, and her ankle was sprained, but the little ones were saved.

A policeman fired three shots at him, but what was a Colt to a bull? Leaping lightly over the fence, he dashed down Fifteenth Street, followed by a tail of boys and butchers bigger than that of Plantamour's comet. By way of Gay Street and Morgan, he went to Christy Avenue, and thence to Pine, scattering the pedestrians left and right.

At 620 Pine Street is a shoemaker's shop, in which were the proprietor and two friends. As the bull passed he suddenly wheeled at right angles, and, with a charge like that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, dashed the door from its hinges and sprang into the shop. Two of the inmates were near the window, one of them with his crutches on his knees, for he was lame, and almost unable to walk.

A bounding bull, appearing without any of the social amenities being observed, proved a better cure than all the rheumatic ointments which all the applicants for quarantine offices could have devised. Out through the window he sprang, forgetting his crutches, and ran up the street, distancing the fleetest. Meanwhile, the bull sprang nimbly into the street, and continued his winding way.

On Seventh Street a man endeavored to measure his speed with that of the excited bull. It was for a while nip and tuck, the bull's horns being in close proximity to the pedestrian's coat-tails, but in front of the engine-house the man fell, and, when everybody looked to see him disembowelled, the bull leaped over him lightly, and passed on. The man who fell was of a very dark complexion, but, when he picked himself up and looked around, his face was pale as chalk.

At the Crow Block, with a curiosity which would have qualified him for the meeting on 'Change the other morning, he stopped and tried to get into several houses. Being foiled, however, in this, he turned around again and made his way to the drug-store of Mr. A. Dimmitt, at the corner of Olive and Seventh, into which he chased a woman. Like the righteous, she "hardly escaped," Mr. Dimmitt just having time to thrust her into a side-door when the bull came dashing in at the front. So close together were the two marble counters through which he made his way that he left hair and blood on each one. There was a large looking-glass at the extremity of the store, in which he saw reflected a bull as strong and as vigorous as himself. At him he dashed with a vigor which did credit to his courage, if not to his knowledge of optics. Fortunately, his horns struck the moulding, and slipped up so that the mirror escaped any fracture. Mr. Dimmitt, who was standing at the corner, fired twice at the bull, wounding him, but not fatally. Taking this as a hint that they had nothing in his line, the bull, with one sarcastic wave of his tail, knocked down a lot of perfume on the show-case valued at twenty-five dollars, and bolted out of the door. His reappearance was greeted with applause.

Eastward, on Olive Street, he pursued his path, his progress being in every respect triumphal. First came a thin spray of flying newsboys; then an advanced guard of fugacious children of a larger growth; then the hero of the day, tossing his exuberant tail, bellowing defiance to the whole city, his flanks heaving, his nostrils red, his eyes flashing like coals of fire, every hair on his spine rigid as a porcupine's quills. In his rear came a body of bullwhackers and police, making the air black with shouts of "Kill him!" "Stop him!" "Hi, there!" and "Stop, thief!" The procession was closed by a motley mass of people—men, women, and children—surging excitedly to and fro, tripping each other up and trampling each other down with the charming impartiality of all crowds. Thus he came to the Missouri Lottery Office, on Olive Street, between Sixth and Seventh.

By this time the bull, alarmed by his rapid change of scene and the novel situation in which he found himself, was as frantic with fear as any one of his customers. A gambler himself at pitch-and-toss, he took no interest in the State Lottery, but bent his whole energies to secure a retreat. A transom in the rear of the office, about seven feet from the floor, presented itself to his disordered imagination as the most desirable avenue of escape. Accordingly he reared himself on his hind-legs, and frantically endeavored to climb through the window, bellowing lustily all the time, and

tearing away paper, plaster, and lath, with his horns, making the place a perfect pandemonium. The police, through the front-door, were firing volleys into his broad flanks.

But, though his hide was riddled so as to be fit for nothing but a coal-sifter, the wounds were not fatal, but only excited him to fresh paroxysms of terror and rage. One policeman, zealous and more excited than the rest, fired through the front-transom, about eight feet over the bull's head. Others went round and shot through the back-window, the bullets flying into the street with cheerful promiscuity.

At last Captain George C. Bain secured a small gun with a large bore from Mr. Dimmitt, and approached the scene where he was to play the part of a *matador*. He caused the door to be opened, and gallantly entered the store. The bull's attention being diverted at the cessation of the firing in the rear, turned toward his new enemy, was silent for a moment, lowered his head, and was about to rush upon him. Captain Bain calmly levelled his piece and pulled the trigger. A detonation and a cloud of smoke followed, and the bull fell slowly on his knees, then rolled over on the ground.

A French Romancer.

Our own newspapers, enterprising and inventive as they are, do not inform us of all the surprising things that happen in this country, as, for example, witness the following from the *Paris Figaro*: "It is known that the railroad from San Francisco to New York passes through the reservations of several tribes of Indians, who invariably regard the locomotives as terrible monsters created by the Manitou to exterminate the red-man. Several times already the Indians have attempted to throw the trains off the track. In these enterprises they were led by one of the fiercest of their chiefs, a Cherokee named Naha, and surnamed the Mocking-Bird. All their attempts having failed, Naha resolved to change his tactics. Accordingly, on the 2d of June last, he concealed himself near the rails, and, with extraordinary activity, bounded upon the foot-board of the train No. 67, from San Francisco to New York. He then slipped along the train till he reached the locomotive, where he killed the fireman with a blow of his tomahawk, stabbed the engineer with his knife, and, after scalping them, jumped on the tender, brandishing the scalp, and howling out a savage war-song. The settlers along the line became terrified as they saw the train, which now dashed along at a fearful speed, driven by the ferocious engineer. The passengers all cried out for help. Their situation was extremely perilous—in fact, they were running into the jaws of death. Finally, an officer of the navy, Henry Pierce, determined to sacrifice himself to save his fellow-passengers. Armed with a long dirk-knife, he ran along the foot-board of the train, and jumped upon the engine. The chief uttered a war-cry and brandished his tomahawk, and a hand-to-hand struggle was commenced over the bodies of the engineer and fireman. The passengers put their heads out of the windows, and, with an anxiety which may easily be imagined, tried to see the fight. In about a minute Mr. Pierce fell mortally wounded under Mocking-Bird, who in the twinkling of an eye scalped him. But, while he was triumphantly waving the scalp of his victim in the air, Mr. Pierce, who was still lying, had sufficient strength to jump up and lunge his knife into the Indian's breast, killing him instantly. He then crawled to the valve-handle, shut off the steam, and the train stopped. The passengers ran to the assistance

of this brave officer, but it was too late; he died two hours afterward."

An Englishman's Mistake.

The Continental papers are circulating a story of an Englishman and his wife who, not knowing a word of German, but being able to express themselves well in French, resolved to visit Berlin and Dresden. At Berlin they had been recommended to a hotel, whither they were riding in a hack, when all at once the lady espied an imposing edifice, upon which were inscribed, in large letters, the words "Hotel Radzevill."

She cried out: "There is a beautiful hotel, and the situation is splendid."

"Suppose we go there?" suggested the husband.

It was done as soon as said. The driver was stopped. There were several ladies about the hotel, but none of them spoke either English or French. However, the servants were made to understand by gestures that they were to take in the luggage, and the travellers were ceremoniously conducted into an apartment.

The lady asked by signs for a sleeping-room, to which she was led, and, on her return, said to her husband:

"I never saw in all my life a hotel so admirably furnished. Come and see the chamber and sleeping-room."

Having dressed, our English folk lunched, and announced to the servant that they would dine at five.

They went to walk. On their return, a gentleman of distinguished appearance entered their room, saluted them, and said something in German, which they did not understand.

The Englishman, thinking him a little familiar, replied carelessly, in English: "Good-morning. How do you do?" And the stranger withdrew.

A delicious dinner was served.

When the servants had gone, "My dear," said the gentleman to his wife, "all this is excellent. This hotel is evidently first class. But it must be very dear, and, as a matter of prudence, it will be well to ask for the bill tomorrow morning."

But he neglected to do so, and two days more passed like the first.

At last the bill was asked for, but it was not brought.

"I am beginning to be a little uneasy, my dear," said the husband. "Surely no one could be better cared for than we are here, but I am persuaded the charges will be frightful."

At that moment the gentleman of distinguished appearance entered, and the following dialogue took place in French:

The stranger: "I am Prince Radzevill."

The Englishman (rising and bringing a chair): "To what may I attribute the honor of this visit?"

The prince: "You have evidently taken this house for a public hotel."

The Englishman: "Certainly."

The prince: "Well, this is my private house, my hotel."

The Englishman was so astounded that he could make no reply, and could not explain the mistake of his wife, who, in the greatest consternation, began to tell the prince, in English, that the word "hotel" over the door had caused her error. The prince, who saw their confusion, politely expressed his satisfaction at having given hospitality to English people, and begged them to remain a few days longer that he might enjoy their society. Of course, the invitation was politely declined. The Englishman succeeded in making the servants accept a few presents, and the prince insisted

upon accompanying them to a real hotel in his own carriage. Prince Radzevill is the Russian ambassador at Berlin.

The story is an old one, as all readers of Goldsmith's comedies will remember, but the incident on which it is founded is said to have actually occurred in Ireland.

Foreign Items.

IN April last, the teller of the Rostocker Bank, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, eloped with a Frenchwoman, taking with him the whole securities of the bank, amounting to nearly half a million dollars. He escaped with the woman and the spoils to the United States. His deserted young wife, accompanied by a detective, followed him, and overtook him in Sioux City, Iowa. On the promise of entire impunity, he agreed to give up what he had left of the stolen funds, and to accompany his wife home.

The Grand-duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has prohibited the sale of the New-York *Sunday Mercury* in his dominions. The decree in question says that "the New-York *Sunday Mercury* has repeatedly spoken of his royal highness the grand-duke in terms of the most audacious disrespect. For this reason the sale of the sheet is prohibited. Persons found with copies of it will be fined ten dollars, and sentenced to one week's imprisonment."

Here is the sentence recently passed upon a burglar in Hungary: "Samuel Royce, you shall be whipped well by the jailer, until your spirit is thoroughly subdued; and then you shall draw a canal-boat for three years." Mr. Royce was displeased with the sentence. He said he had at one time been a preacher and professor. But his learned antecedents did not save him from the humiliating castigation.

The Crown-prince of Denmark was fired at, the other day, by an assassin who mistook him for his royal father. The bullet struck a memorandum-book which the prince had in his side-pocket. But for that, he would have been instantly killed.

The *Baltic Gazette* has made the discovery that Horace Greeley was, during our civil war, President Lincoln's secretary, and that he was sent, by Mr. Lincoln, to Canada, in 1864, to buy the slaves of Mr. Jacob Thompson.

Nearly four hundred thousand copies of Sanson's "Mystères de l'Echafaud" have thus far been sold in France. It is now generally believed that the elder Dumas wrote those strangely-fascinating volumes.

"President Grant," says the Berlin *Cross-Gazette*, a fierce reactionary journal, "is the most dissolute and corrupt ruler of modern times." The *Cross-Gazette* vouches for this valuable information.

Frederick Kapp, formerly of New York, and now a member of the German Parliament, has failed to obtain from Prince Bismarck the position of councillor of legation, for which he has been a candidate for a year past.

The copyright of Paul de Kock's novels is offered by his heirs for twenty thousand francs. Twenty-five years ago, it could not have been purchased for half a million francs.

The youngest man in the French National Assembly is Count de Rivière. He is only twenty-two years old. He is a legitimist, and always votes with the extreme right.

The Berlin *Kladderadatsch*, a humorous paper, which, in 1848, was started on a capital of twenty dollars, is now worth half a million dollars.

The King of Holland has been sued for alimony by a woman who claims that he married her before he was married to his present wife.

President Thiers's new work will be issued in November. The copyright which he is to receive for it is the highest that has ever been paid to a French author.

The King of Belgium is so averse to horse-back-riding that he never attends reviews of his troops.

The present Czar of Russia is so intemperate that his physicians say he cannot live for many months.

The aggregate circulation of the daily papers of Berlin is one hundred and fifty-nine thousand.

In Prussia, the *Day's Doings*, the *New Varieties*, and the *Police Gazette*, all flashy American periodicals, have been prohibited.

Henri Rochefort has abandoned all hopes of amnesty, and it is said that in his despair he seriously contemplates suicide.

The French College for Journalists will be opened on the 1st of January next. M. Saint-Marco Girardin will be its president.

The proprietor of the gaming-tables at Monaco realizes every year five hundred thousand francs from that establishment.

Sardou, the French dramatist, has received forty thousand francs, thus far, for the representations of his "Roi Carrotte," in Paris.

The pope is studying German. His quarrel with Bismarck and Dollinger renders that language peculiarly interesting to him.

The Austrian Government has prohibited the sale of the German translation of the "Life of James Fisk."

Emil Rittershaus, the most talented of the younger poets of Germany, is a clerk in a Rhenish banking-house.

The two brothers Devrient, the two most eminent German actors of modern times, died recently, within four days of each other.

A bookseller in Berlin has been prosecuted for offering for sale a file of *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*.

The Empress of Austria spends annually fifty thousand florins for her wardrobe.

The University of France has one hundred and nine professors.

Marshal Bazaine's private fortune is estimated at two million francs.

There is a report in Paris that Victor Hugo intends to marry again.

Count Andrassy, the Austrian chancellor, is so near-sighted that he can hardly read at all.

Six thousand novels have been published in France this year, up to the 1st of August.

The King of Saxony has in press a translation of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Leipzig is at present the largest university in Germany.

Varieties.

IT has long since been demonstrated that sea-water contains an appreciable amount of silver, and a recent calculation shows that, if equally distributed, there must be in the oceans of the world some two million tons of the precious metal, or more than has ever been dug out of the earth. Silver in the sea is only one of a thousand illustrations of the fact that solid substances may be made invisible by chemical processes, just as a silver half-dollar may be dissolved in a very small amount of nitric acid, the coin disappearing, while the fluid is as clear and transparent as before.

Hitherto the husk of rice, known as rice-chaff, has been considered as refuse in the South. It has lately, however, been discovered to be quite valuable in protecting glassware and other delicate articles when packed for shipment, and a large demand has sprung up for it.

A prudent Kentucky father, with a marriageable daughter, found it impossible to keep the beaux from the house, so he furnished her with a music-box which plays "Home, Sweet Home" at ten o'clock P. M. precisely. The beaux are all gone and the house closed up in five minutes after.

In connection with the speculations as to whether animal or vegetable germs in the air are productive of disease, a distinguished savant offers the interesting suggestion that possibly, on the other hand, they may bring life and vigor.

A friend of the *Christian Register* writes to a clergyman that he has got so far in politics as to hurrah for Gr—, but doesn't know whether to end with ant or eele. The clergyman replies by referring him to Proverbs vi. 6: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

The latest novelty in the West is the discovery that Indians will "sunburn" the same as folks of lighter color, some say even as much or more than a white man, and four or five days' exposure turns them at least two shades darker.

A man in Missouri is seeking a divorce from a person to whom he has been married sixteen years, on the ground that that person is not a woman. A sufficient ground, certainly, but it seems to have taken him a long time to find it out.

A new kind of kindling-wood for kindling coal-fires is offered for sale. It is oak-wood, chemically prepared, with all the moisture extracted, and it is claimed that a coal-fire can be kindled with it in one-half the time of any other wood.

As so many articles in every-day use are manufactured of paper, it is asked if a paper beefsteak can be invented to take the place of the leather ones common at boarding-houses.

The following notice is posted conspicuously in a newspaper-office out West: "Shut the door; and, as soon as you have done talking business, serve your mouth the same way."

"Insults," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money; we cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

The Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, are at last "divided." One is for Greeley, the other for Grant.

A child at Milwaukee died of fright while being photographed. She evidently got a bad impression.

They allude to bald-headed men in Colorado as "persons with their heads above the timber line."

One of the Paris hotels, anxious to secure American patronage, advertises "fish-balls and buckwheat-cakes at all hours."

The artificial manufacture of ice is becoming a leading industry in the Southern cities.

It has been lately discovered that Phoenix Park, Dublin, covers an immense bed of coal.

CITY CHARACTERS.



THE CURB-STONE ASTRONOMER.



THE CHESTNUT-DEALER.

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